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# The Sketch

No. 1143.—Vol. LXXXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1914.

SIXPENCE.



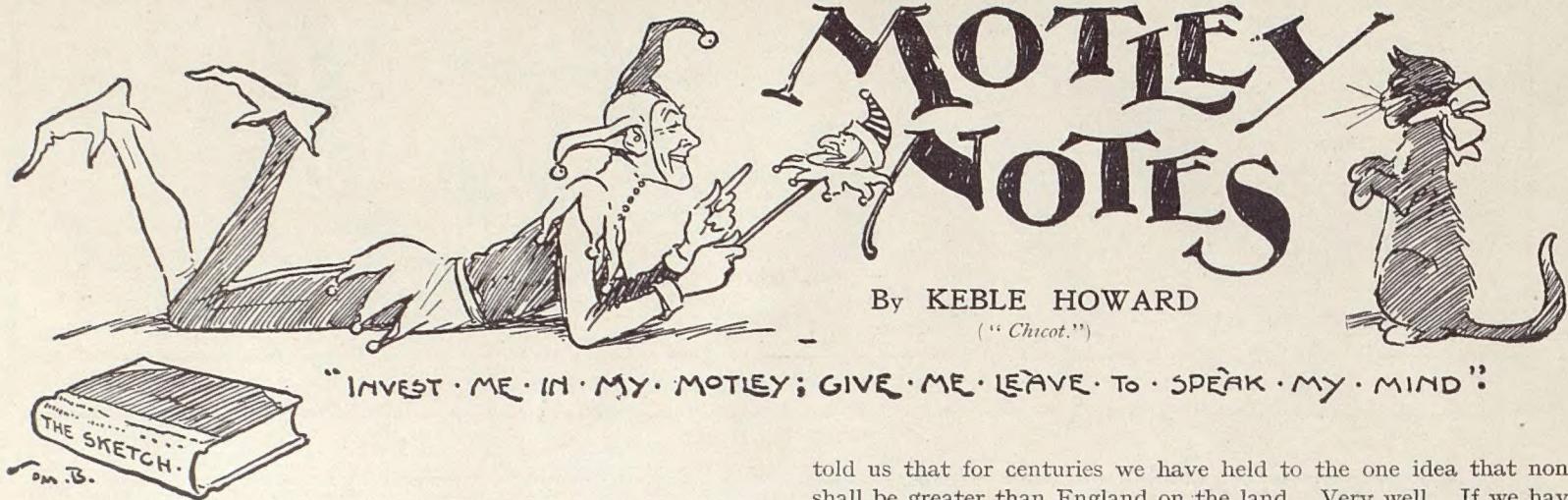
Lascelles

LORD KITCHENER QUITE UNSHAKEN BY THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE EAST COAST TOWNS! THE WINDOW OF A SCARBOROUGH ANTIQUE DEALER'S SHATTERED WHILE A PORTRAIT OF THE BRITISH SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR REMAINS UNHURT.

Here, one may well believe, is an omen, or, at all events, a symbol of the calmness with which both Officialdom and the General Public received the news of the bombardment of East Coast towns by war-ships of the German Navy. We see the window of a shop

shattered, but a portrait of Lord Kitchener untouched! In the War Office's official account, it is written of Scarborough, Hartlepool, and Whitby: "There was an entire absence of panic, and the demeanour of the people was everything that could be desired."

Photograph by C.N.



This Memorable Christmas.

I cannot exactly wish you a Merry Christmas, friend the reader. There will be merriment in the trenches, I trust, and plenty of it, but forgetfulness, even for a day, would not become the rest of us. Still, I may wish you "A Brave Christmas!" and that I do with all my heart.

I was asked the other day by the Editor of a popular magazine whether, in my opinion, it would be right to keep Christmas this year. Good gracious! Of course, Christmas must be kept this year, and kept better than it has been for a hundred years. Christmas has degenerated sadly, but the war, which is to brace us up in so many ways, should restore the real spirit of Christmas. Instead of making it, as usual, a Christmas of rapacity and snobbishness, let us make it a Christmas of great-heartedness, of kindness, of goodwill towards men—save only the King's enemies.

There we must draw the line. We cannot be foolishly sentimental about our enemies. As they grow weaker, and pity begins to take the place of rage in our hearts, so we must remind ourselves more and more of Belgium, and stiffen in our resolve to avenge the awful wrongs dealt out to that little country. When the foe is vanquished, then we will include him in our goodwill; until that day, if we pull a cracker with him, we will be careful to see that he gets nothing but the wrong end.

"A Brave Christmas to all, then!"—save the enemies of England and her Allies.

**"The Last Spring of the old Lion."** When I read somewhere that Mr. Bernard Shaw had written another of his amusing articles for the *New Statesman* under the title, "The Last Spring of the Old Lion," I took it for granted that this was a personal article of a valedictory nature. I bought a copy of the *New Statesman*, therefore, at St. Pancras, promising myself a luxurious melancholy half the way to Manchester. Then, since life is like that, I should have lunch and read something else.

Judge of my surprise when I opened the *New Statesman* to find that the "old lion" of the title was not Mr. Bernard Shaw at all, but England, the country of Mr. Shaw's adoption, and the country out of which he gets a very cosy Jaeger-blanketed living. Yes, friend the reader, it is quite true; Mr. Bernard Shaw has selected the hour of our great trial, the hour when we are standing by each other as we have never stood by each other before, the hour when lesser feuds are forgotten, save by the pitifully mean in spirit—he has chosen this hour to prove to the world through the columns of his *New Statesman*—which thereby gets a very fine advertisement and should do very nicely—that England was the aggressor in this war and Germany but the poor little panting terrified lamb!

For example: "For centuries now the lion has held to his one idea, that none shall be greater than England on the land, and none as great on the sea."

#### Our Colossal Army.

If the brilliantly intellectual and staunchly patriotic Mr. Shaw has said this, it stands to reason that it must be true. You will therefore know what to say to Lord Kitchener when he asks for more men. You will say, "Nonsense, my Lord! You do not require men. You found a standing army far larger than the German Army, far larger than the French Army, far larger than the Russian Army. What in the world can you want with more men?" And if Lord Kitchener replies, "Don't be silly. I found a tiny little Army of a few hundred thousand men, whereas the other countries you name had millions!" you will retort, "You are mistaken. You may not know it, but you are mistaken. Mr. Bernard Shaw, who never errs when he is writing on military and naval matters, has distinctly

told us that for centuries we have held to the one idea that none shall be greater than England on the land. Very well. If we have held to that idea, is it likely that we should be content with a tiny Army of a few hundred thousand men? Certainly not! You may deceive the public, my Lord, but you cannot deceive the followers of Mr. Bernard Shaw, to whom all honour and glory, world without end."

That is the way to talk to a man who has nothing to do but manage the War Office when we are at war. If only Mr. Shaw could have been in charge of the War Office! Would the war have lasted four months? No! It would have been over in a week. . . . So would the Germans.

**Why be Cross?** I have observed with surprise that some people are very angry with Mr. Shaw for having written these articles in the *New Statesman*. They say that he has written them for self-advertisement, that he cannot bear to be out of the limelight, and so forth. Well, what about it? Suppose he has written them because he cannot bear to be out of the limelight, bless his heart! Who cares? What does it matter? If anybody has an insatiable craving for limelight, for the love of peace let him have all the limelight he wants. Herein I differ from Mr. Shaw, who is constantly trying to get people to do without something that they want. If a man wants beer, Mr. Shaw girds at him and tries to separate him from his beer. He tells him that beer is bad for him, and so forth. Well, too much limelight may be bad for Mr. Shaw—I begin to think that the present flood of it may be found most injurious after the war, when so many reputations will be reconsidered—but I would not deprive him of it. Why may not every man be captain of his own soul? Who wants "reformers" and "sciologists" and all the rest of it? Nobody. Not one person. This preaching habit is on the increase; it must be checked. I would not interfere with the recreations of Mr. Shaw for anything. They do no harm. Nobody really imagines that the Prussian Guard will hurl themselves with exaggerated ferocity on our troops because they have been reading the *New Statesman*. No, no. Free trade in amusements. Let him write.

#### Manchester in War-Time.

I mentioned Manchester. Nothing could be less like London at this time than Manchester. I have not the slightest doubt that Manchester has done her duty in the number of recruits, but Manchester, at any rate, is not wearing a sable cloak. Why should she? The lights are up, the theatres and music-halls and picture-palaces are open, the sound of the released champagne-cork is heard in the land. Nobody talks about the war. I met one gentleman in khaki who seemed highly amused at himself. The walls are gay with announcements of Christmas amusements.

And, after all, why not? Manchester is crowded with workers who, I presume, are working for the Government. When they emerge from their factories into the grey streets, these people have the right to be amused. They must be amused if they are to carry on from day to day and escape an epidemic of melancholia. And they have the right to demand the kind of amusement that most appeals to them. You may think that this pantomime is witless, or this music-hall programme vulgar; that is not the point. There was no thought of pleasing you when these entertainments were devised. Nor will it profit you to jeer and sneer at such entertainments. Taste in art comes not from without but from within. The war will do much to improve the theatres, I fancy, and time will do more. There will be a distinct reduction in the amount of clap-trap written for theatres—even "intellectual" clap-trap—in the course of the next ten thousand years.

WITH TIES IN BOTH CAMPS: A PRINCESS OF ROMANCE.



DAUGHTER OF THE LATE KING LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM AND WIDOW OF THE ILL-FATED CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH OF AUSTRIA: COUNTESS LONYAY, NOW OF THE AUSTRIAN RED CROSS.

The Royal House of Belgium has more than one family connection with its present foes. The Queen herself is a daughter of the late Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria. Princess Stéphanie of Belgium, now Countess Lonyay, is the second of the three daughters of the late King Leopold II., and first cousin of King Albert. Her sisters are Princess Louise (whose marriage with Philip, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha was dissolved by divorce in 1906) and Princess Clementine, now Princess Napoleon.

Their aunt, Princess Charlotte, is the widow of the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, who was an Austrian Archduke. Princess Stéphanie married, first, at Vienna, in 1881, the son and heir of the Emperor Francis Joseph, the late Archduke Rudolph, who died under such tragic circumstances at a hunting-box at Meyerling on Jan. 30, 1889. In 1900 she married, at Miramare, Elemer, Count Lonyay, of Nagy-Lonyay and Vasaros-Nameny.—[Photograph by *Newspaper Illustrations*.]

## THE PIRATIONAL GERMAN RAID ON "THE FORTIFIED TOWNS."



"CARDS" LEFT BY THE GERMANS AT WEST HARTLEPOOL:  
A RESIDENT WITH PIECES OF A 12-INCH SHELL.



"A ROOFLESS RUIN IS MY HOME!" WHAT SOME UNFORTUNATE SCARBOROUGH BOMBARDMENT OF THAT



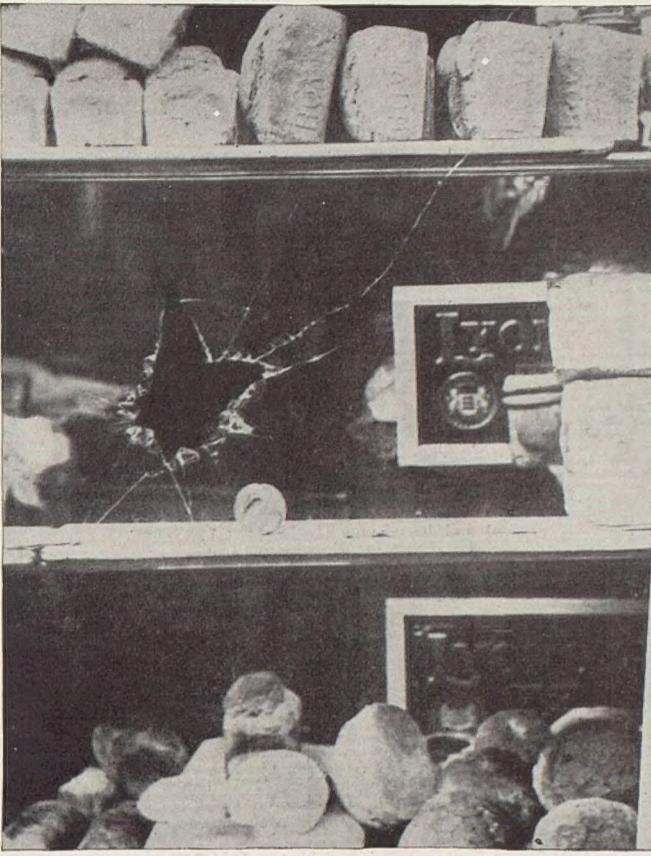
LUCKILY, NOT IN THE CROWDED HOLIDAY SEASON: A WELL-KNOWN BOARDING-HOUSE ON ST. NICHOLAS CLIFF, SCARBOROUGH, AFTER BEING SHELLED BY THE GERMANS.



WHERE A WHOLE FAMILY WAS WIPE OUT BY A SHELL:  
MR. BENNETT'S HOUSE WYKEHAM STREET, SCARBOROUGH.

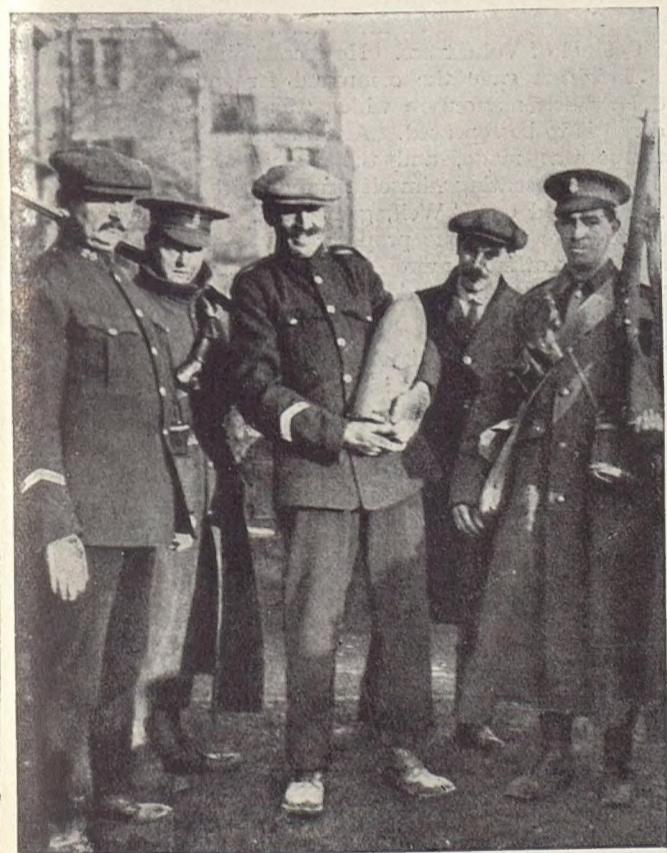
The German Navy performed a glorious achievement on the 16th, in bombarding various churches, hotels, and private houses, and killing a large number of dangerous civilians, including telephone-girls, housemaids, and other women and children. An official report that afterwards emanated from Berlin said: "Our High Sea forces have approached the English East Coast and bombarded the fortified towns, Scarborough and Hartlepool." Scarborough's "fortifications" appear to consist of the picturesque ruins of its ancient castle. The War Office stated that "a battle-cruiser and an armoured-cruiser appeared off Scarborough and fired about fifty shots, which caused considerable damage." Later reports said that 17

## SCARBOROUGH AND HARTLEPOOL": WRECKAGE AND RELICS.



HOUSEHOLDER HAS TO CONTEMPLATE AS A RESULT OF THE GERMAN "FORTIFIED" TOWN.

AN UNUSUAL "MAKE-WEIGHT": A FRAGMENT OF SHELL RESTS AMONG THE LOAVES IN A SCARBOROUGH BAKER'S SHOP.



A COMMON OBJECT OF THE SEA-SHORE AT SCARBOROUGH: AN UNEXPLDED GERMAN SHELL PICKED UP BY A SOLDIER.



WHERE GERMAN WAITERS WILL NOT BE POPULAR: A CORNER OF THE ROYAL HOTEL, SCARBOROUGH, AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT BY TWO GERMAN WAR-SHIPS.

people were killed and over 100 injured. The shell that wrecked Mr. Bennett's house in Wykeham Street killed Mrs. Bennett and two children on the spot. Mr. Bennett died later in hospital. As regards Hartlepool, the War Office said: "The ships appeared to be two battle-cruisers and one armoured-cruiser. The land batteries replied, and are reported to have hit and damaged the enemy. . . . None of our guns were touched. . . . The casualties amongst the troops amounted to 7 killed and 14 wounded. . . . During the bombardment, especially in West Hartlepool, the people crowded in the streets, and approximately, 22 were killed and 50 wounded."—[Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations, C.N., Sport and General, and Topical.]

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**THE LITERARY LOUNGER.**

**BOHEMIAN DAYS: AN ARTIST'S STORIES.**

The "Wood" is  
Bohemia.

Everyone knows about the Mount that slopes upward in narrow, sinister turnings from the plains of Bohemia. But the "Wood" is another matter. Have we guessed, on one of those hard-working holidays when we struggled towards the elephants with buns and eager children, that we skirted what was once an enchanted corner of Bohemia? For the "Wood" is not what it was, as Mr. Price constantly sighs in his reminiscences of the 'eighties. Then, art ran gallantry close in the leafy suburb of St. John's, and, in Mr. Price's own happy phrase, "Phidias was the neighbour of Delilah." Even straight from the real thing in Paris—and a former volume sketches the gay scenes of it—our author could enjoy the chance rencontres at the "Blenheim" or the "Eyre Arms" as happily as if those respectable publics were witty, wicked Rats Morts. For, as he points out, the Wood in those days rustled with brother brushes.

**Brother Brushes.**

Getting many a glimpse of them by the way, we follow Mr. Price through a succession of studios, each bigger and more desirable than the last. Nor is there wanting, "to complete the *ensemble* of the studio, the feminine element—that mysterious something without which, as I have always felt since those days, all is grey and monotonous." Though not strictly a brother brush, "Pony" Moore, of Moore and Burgess fame, will stick in the reader's memory by virtue of a characteristic story. It was at the Eyre Arms, and a wet evening, and some "gassing" was going round about athletic feats. "Pony" said, though an old man, he would beat them all. He would, in fact, put his big toe between his teeth. "Done with you," said one young fellow, and proceeded not to do it, though within two inches of accomplishment and loudly encouraged. "Now let's see you," he said, as he put on his boot again, turning to "Pony." "All right, you shall; but it's a shame to take your money," replied the old man, cocking up his leg and removing his boot. Then, to the intense astonishment and amusement of us all, he put his fingers in his mouth and calmly took out an entire set of false teeth, and, bending forward, he clasped his big toe with them."

The Soldier  
President.

But Mr. Price rode forth from the Wood at intervals. He had brought introductions from Paris, and he introduces us thereby to the handsome Lord Leighton, Sir Frederick then—and, pleasant to learn, an enthusiastic Colonel of Volunteers. He recalls an occasion at Wimbledon, when Leighton gave the command for some particularly complicated battalion manœuvre which was not done to his liking, and he ordered it to be repeated. Again and again without success the attempt was made, and then, says Mr. Price, Leighton "called a halt, and, seating himself firmly in his saddle, facing the regiment, he bawled out, 'Well, gentlemen, I'm in no hurry, and I'm going to have this done properly if I stop out all night.'" One remembers nothing more becoming than that anecdote about a man round whom anecdotes swarmed.

**Milford Lane.**

And presently to this Anglo-Saxon Bohemian there came a stirring interlude. Its prologue passed at the *Illustrated London News* office, where Mr. Price was already known and appreciated. He had always felt that office in Milford Lane redolent with romance. It was suggestive of adventure and four corners of Empire. So when the moment came—a row in South Africa, where the Dutch were already preparing trouble for us—he took it, and took it as an artist and a soldier too. One is sorry to miss the good stories that trip must have inspired, but, as he remarks that Bechuanaland can by no stretch be described as Bohemian London, there is nothing for it but to welcome him home again and see him re-established in the "Grove of the Evangelists." And one sees the glamour of that quarter fading in spite of the bright, gossipy chapters. The "pubs" are ugly and heavy, "so different from Montmartre; and the feminine element—well, that phase was cruder in London than in Paris, perhaps by reason of the matter-of-fact way men treated the women they took up with." It is not a pretty picture, that of the Wood which Mr. Price outlines. And he seems thankful that electric-light and taxi-cabs, in conjunction with stricter morals, have long made such a quarter impossible.

The "News"  
Again.

It only needed another dash into adventure—Siberia this time, and once again from the stimulating office of the *Illustrated London News*—to break finally his long connection with St. John's Wood. He fled from its false rusticity, its decadent orchards and mysterious villas, to the candid sincerity and glare of the neighbourhood of Piccadilly Circus. The book is interleaved with many personal drawings, and gives in its letterpress a remarkable synthetic picture of a remarkable suburb.

"My Bohemian Days in London." By Julius M. Price. (Laurie; price 10s. 6d.)



## SPORT AT THE FRONT : TERRITORIALS AND INDIAN TIGERS : THE BELGIAN ARMY'S CHRISTMAS.

**Sport and War.** Last week I wrote that the officers who had taken out shot-guns to Flanders had found capital sport, when resting in reserve, amongst the pheasants which are running about wild all over the country. A hunting-saddle would also be a useful possession to take to Flanders, for I hear that a sporting cavalry Captain serving on the Staff has secured from England some couples of beagles and that he has had capital sport with them when he has had the leisure to hunt them, for there are an abundance of hares. If the war drags on in Flanders the pack of beagles is likely to increase in numbers, and its meets will draw all those officers who have spare time and can borrow a mount. If the Allies push the enemy back in the long-looked-for advance, the beagles are to follow the army at a respectful distance.

**Wellington's Hounds.** I do not think that Sir Arthur Wellesley owned the hounds that were sent out to the Peninsula when he and the British Army lay behind the lines of Torres Vedras, which protected Lisbon much as the Allies' lines from Nieuport to the Lys protect Calais and Boulogne, but he constantly rode to these hounds, and encouraged all his officers to do likewise. The Portuguese wondered at British Generals and subalterns scampering over the country and trying to break their necks over fences, but England recognised and approved the sporting spirit of her army, just as we all to-day will smile and approve if "Eye-Witness" some day tells us that Sir John French has had a day with the beagles.

**A Great Pheasant Covert.** The Chinese rebellion that Gordon and his "ever-victorious" army put down made of the country up-river from Shanghai one of the most wonderful pheasant coverts in the world. The rebels swept the country with fire and sword, and where there had been prosperous villages and fertile fields the deer browsed and the pheasants roosted. The British from the Treaty Ports, who used to go on shooting trips in house-boats, got wonderful bags of deer and winged things; but, as the Chinese returned to their ruined villages and began to plant their rice and grain once again, men had to go farther and farther afield for their sport.

**A Forbidden Shot.** One of my own experiences of war and sport was to be within easy shot of some buck I was particularly anxious to shoot without daring to fire at them. I had, during the time I was in South Africa, shot most kinds of buck, large and small, that were to be found on the high veldt and in the bush veldt, but I had never been lucky enough to shoot a koodoo, the great placid buck that is such excellent eating. When the British, during the Zulu War, advanced through the bush veldt to the river on which Ulundi, the King's kraal, was situated, I was with the mounted men who formed the advance guard. The Zulu army was known to be at the King's kraal, and it was a matter of supreme importance for the British force to reach the river and form a laager without being attacked in the bush. Therefore we marched long before dawn, so as to reach the river at daylight. The advance was made in perfect silence, the mounted men moving in front through the bush. Just before we came to the river, in the first grey of morning, two koodoo came through a glade, and were so close to me that I could have thrown a stone and hit either. They looked with astonishment at the horsemen moving where no horsemen had ever passed before, and then turned and ambled away. They were the only koodoo I saw in South Africa.

## Our New Army in India.

When our Territorials, who have gone in force to India, return after the war we shall hear wonderful stories of sport in "The Shiny" told in the villages of Somersetshire and Hampshire, whence so many of our lads have gone from the plough-tail to the cities of temples and palaces, and I warrant that tigers will figure prominently in most of the tales. Not that one British soldier in a hundred thousand ever sees a tiger in India, except in the menagerie of some Maharajah or in the Zoological Gardens at Calcutta, but at home every man who goes to India is supposed to go out tiger-shooting and to encounter cobras in his daily walks; and I am sure that our Territorials will not, on their return, disappoint the gossips of the village by not having tales of stripes and snakes to tell. Some of our Territorials have gone to Delhi and to other of the cities associated with the Mutiny, and I wonder what will be the thoughts of the men who, six months ago, had no thoughts of leaving England when they look at the marble angel over the well at Cawnpore or stand by Lawrence's grave in the Residency at Lucknow.

## Egypt as a Drill-Ground.

The British Army which has assembled in Egypt for garrison duty, and to beat off any raid the Turks may attempt on the Suez Canal, has brought together North and South and men from the Far East, for Territorials from Lancashire have been there for some months doing their military training out in the desert; there are Indian troops encamped at various strategic points, and Ceylon has sent its contingent of planters; also there is a strong

force of Australians, who will, no doubt, be envied by the Canadians in the Salisbury camps, for the Australian contingent is to do what training work remains to be done in the pleasant climate of Egypt and not on a water-logged plain.

## The "Noel du Soldat."

It is pleasant to hear that the French Government has decided that the Belgian Army, which is reorganising to fight once again alongside the troops of the Allies, is to be the guest of the French nation during the festivities with which the French soldiers are to celebrate Christmas. It will be a strange "Reveillon" this Christmas Eve in the French trenches and in the bivouacs, but I am sure it will be as cheerful a one, for the French soldiers know that the spirit of Victory hovers above them. Heartily we wish our gallant Allies a Happy Christmas.

## SILVER RIM AND IRON CENTRE: THE SEVERAL STAGES OF THE GERMAN IRON CROSS.

Our illustration, which is from a German paper, shows in process of manufacture the Iron Cross, which the Kaiser has so lavishly distributed throughout the German Army. On the left is seen a sheet of silver, on which the rim of the Cross is stamped, and then cut out, leaving the interior open. The fifth figure from the left is an iron cross in the rough. It is stamped with a "W" and a crown, and then fitted into the silver rim. On the right is seen the finished article, an Iron Cross as worn, with its ribbon of black and white—the national heraldic colours of Prussia.

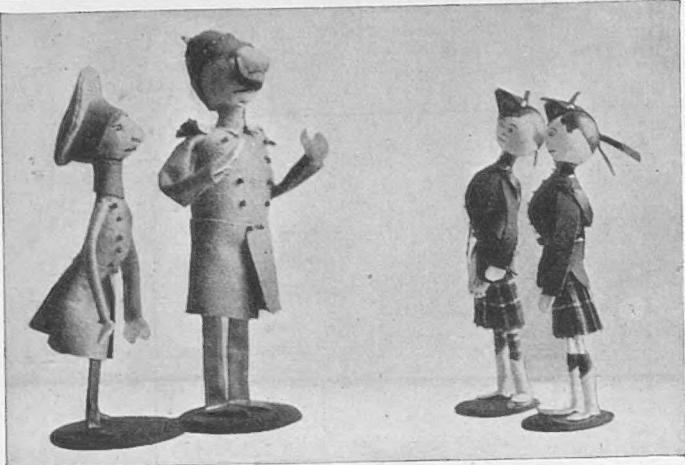


FROM RING-FIGHTS TO THE GREAT FIGHT : JIM DRISCOLL, THE FAMOUS BOXER, NOW AN N.C.O. OF THE WELSH HORSE.

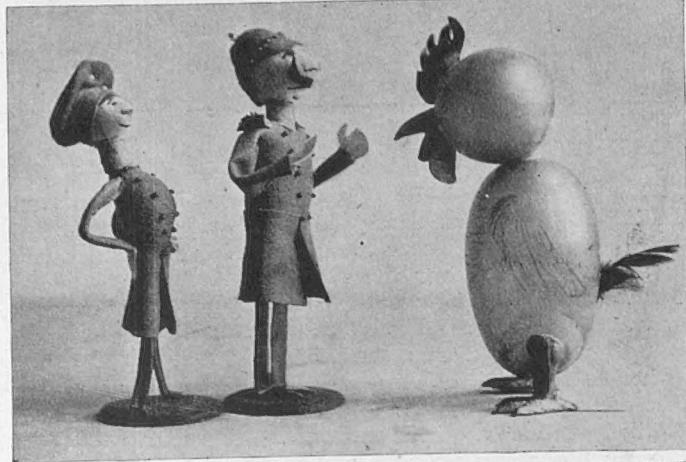
Following in the footsteps of another famous boxer whose fame is historic—Corporal Shaw, who enlisted to fight another Kaiser of a hundred years ago and single-handed disposed of nine enemies at Waterloo—Jim Driscoll, the retired feather-weight champion of the world, has joined the Army. He is seen above in his uniform as an N.C.O. of the Welsh Horse.

Photograph by L.N.A.

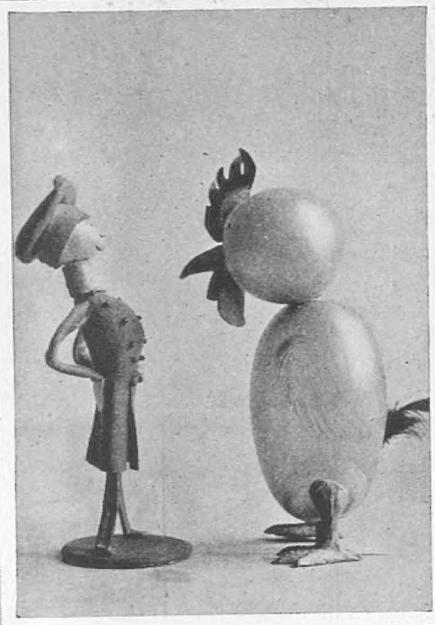
## THE WILLIE-WOGS: WAR-DOLLS IN THE TOY-SHOPS.



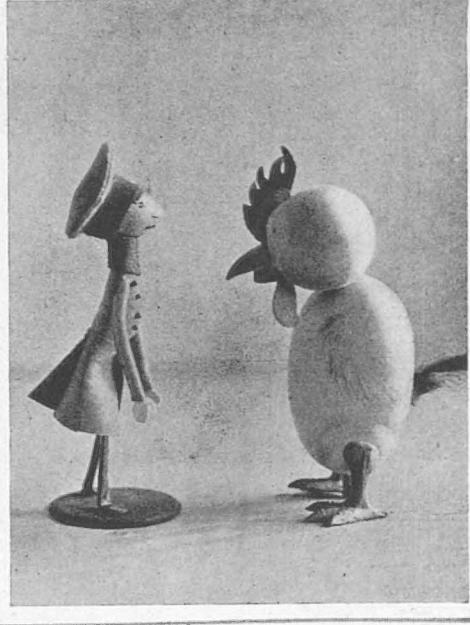
BIG WILLIE AND LITTLE WILLIE THINK SOME TOY HIGHLANDERS WOULD AMUSE THEM! WILL THEY?



BIG WILLIE: "IT LOOKS SOMETHING LIKE AN EAGLE. BUT—!"



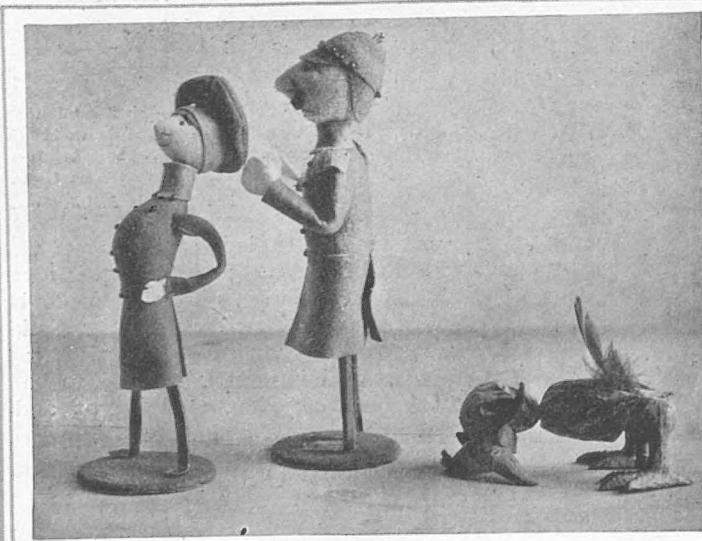
LITTLE WILLIE HAS DOUBTS: "IS IT AN EAGLE?"



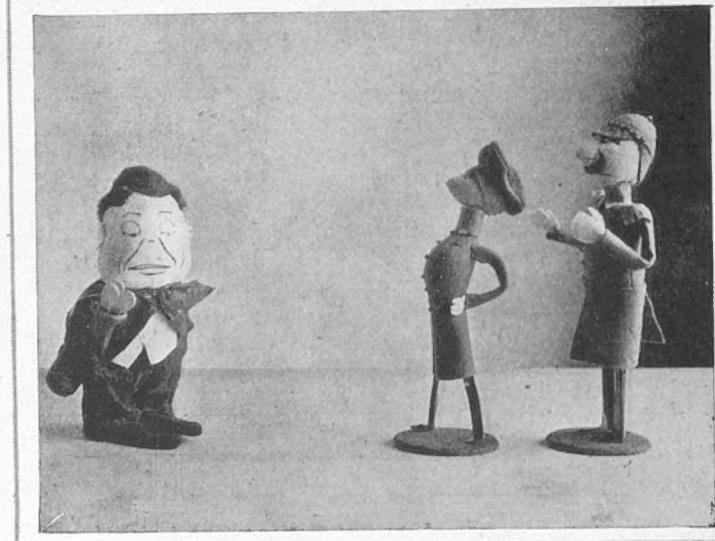
LITTLE WILLIE HAS MORE DOUBTS: "IT CAN'T BE AN EAGLE!"



LITTLE WILLIE DECIDES: "IT CERTAINLY IS NOT AN EAGLE!"



THE DUET — BIG AND LITTLE WILLIE: "WHAT IS IT?"



BIG WILLIE'S JOKE TO CADDIE: "WHY DO YOU LOOK SO SAD?" CADDIE: "WELL, YOU'VE SPOILT MY GAME!"

If jokes are to be permitted about anything or anybody connected with the war, perhaps the more extravagant they are the better. Certainly the grotesque figures which we illustrate cannot be accused of subtlety. They are to be found among the toy-shop novelties this Christmas, and the doubts and surprises of the Big and Little Willie-Wogs

are set forth so boldly that he who runs may read—and chuckle. Such Christmas comicalities compel a multitude of grins. The dolls obviously owe their being to Mr. Haselden's famous caricatures. Even the subjects of such very broad satire might spare a smile for them.—[Photographs by St. Stephen's Intelligence Bureau.]

## SOLDIERS' WIVES: AN INTERESTING QUARTET.



WIFE OF A FIGHTING M.P.: MRS. HAMAR GREENWOOD.



WIFE OF THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR EGYPT: LADY M'MAHON.



WIFE OF A COLONEL IN THE ROYAL IRISH REGIMENT: MRS. MERVYN DE MONTMORENCY.

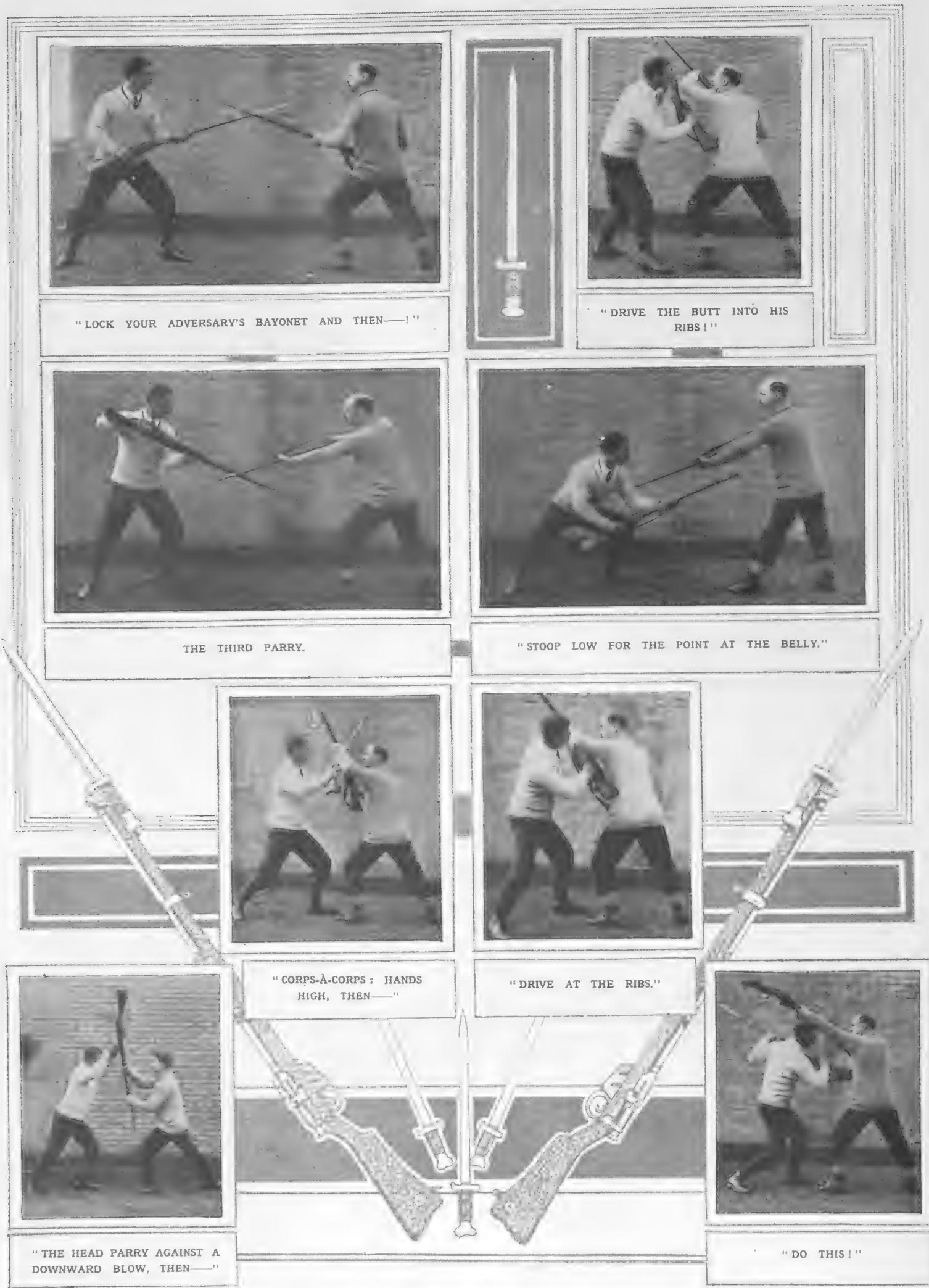


WIFE OF A DISTINGUISHED CAVALRY OFFICER: MRS. EVELYN BALFOUR.

Mrs. Hamar Greenwood (whose husband is the well-known Liberal Member for Sunderland, a Canadian-born loyalist, who is to command a battalion in the new Welsh Army Corps and was for eight years a Lieutenant in the Canadian Militia) was, before her marriage, Miss Margery Spencer, daughter of Mr. Walter Spencer, of Fownhope Court, Herefordshire.—Lady M'Mahon is the wife of Colonel Sir Arthur Henry M'Mahon, K.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., C.S.I., F.S.A., etc., Foreign Secretary to the Government of India since 1911, a country in which he has done valuable work; both in the Indian Army and the Indian Political Department. He has just been appointed High Commissioner in Egypt,

now a British Protectorate. Lady M'Mahon was, before her marriage, Miss Mary Evelyn Bland, daughter of the late Mr. F. Christopher Bland.—Mrs. Mervyn de Montmorency, of Inch House, Kilkenny, is the wife of Colonel Mervyn de Montmorency, who is commanding the 4th Batt. Royal Irish Regiment.—Mrs. Evelyn Balfour is the wife of Colonel John Edmond Heugh Balfour, who served with distinction in South Africa, being awarded the D.S.O., and is now second in command of the 18th Reserve Regiment of Cavalry. Mrs. Balfour was the second daughter of the Hon. R. J. Gerard-Dicconson, and is a cousin of Captain Lord Gerard, of the Royal Horse Guards.

## CLOSE BAYONET - COMBAT : NEW SECRETS REVEALED.



ADDITIONS TO THE REGULATION MOVEMENTS: TRICKS OF BAYONET-FENCE SOLDIERS SHOULD BE TAUGHT TO ADOPT.

Some experts consider that certain of the things soldiers are taught to do in bayonet-fighting—in hand-to-hand combat rather than a general charge—are of little real

use, and might be discontinued. We give here a number of bayonet-encounter methods suggested as substitutes by a well-known English and French fencing-master.

## SCRAPPED WAR-CARS; AND THE "TRENCHES EXPRESS."



SCRAPPED AFTER DOING GOOD SERVICE AT THE FRONT: MOTOR-VEHICLES FAMILIAR TO LONDONERS PUT OUT OF COMMISSION.



THE WEEK-END FROM THE TRENCHES: MEN ON LEAVE RETURNING BY THE ONE O'CLOCK "WAR TRAIN" FROM VICTORIA.

All sorts and conditions of motor-vehicles have during the war left their familiar haunts in this country to take part in operations at the front. The familiar advertisements on some of them must be to the troops a pleasant reminder of home—as, for instance, the pictorial map of the Lake District seen in the upper photograph on the L. and N.W. and Midland Express Parcels Service van. To the left of it is part of a Kent County Council car. These vehicles have done their work, and their injuries are presumably beyond even the ingenuity of the military repairers. They have accordingly been consigned to an honourable end on the scrap-heap.—The one o'clock train from Victoria has become known as the "War Train," from the fact that it constantly takes

on their way back to the front officers and men who have been granted a few days' leave from the trenches. The departure-platform is thus the scene of many leave-takings. The men going back are usually in high spirits, while there are naturally some quiet tears on the part of their womenfolk whom they leave behind. The fact that it is possible regularly to give some of the troops a few days' respite from the stress of war is in itself a good augury of the military situation. Our lower photograph shows Corporal Anderson, of the 10th Hussars, and a group of comrades, waiting for their train to start. A fine brace of turkeys form a prominent part of their kit.—[Photographs by Topical.]



## LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER HOLBROOK.

WE are in the habit of speaking of our naval genius and our extensive seaboard as interdependent: born and bred a coastwise people, we claim a natural aptitude for going down to the sea in ships. Even when a Shropshire lad does well on the water we say, "Ah, it was to be expected! He's an English boy, and has the advantage." Midland parents who have never seen the ocean send their sons into the Service, and again we think of them as having dabbled from infancy in the waves. Lieutenant-Commander Holbrook, however, does really fit the legend. He was a Portsmouth baby; he is a Portsmouth sailor.

**Colonel Holbrook.** His father is a native of the first of our naval ports. The High Street knows him as well as it knew Great Mel, the father of George Meredith. Colonel Holbrook's record is an interesting one. He joined the old Fifth Hampshire Volunteers as a drummer-boy; from drummer-boy he rose to the command of the regiment, afterwards called the 3rd Hants, and lately translated into the 6th Hants Territorials. The drum-beating was but a prologue to a remarkably consistent expression of patriotic feeling, whether as a Volunteer or a newspaper proprietor. At the present moment he is Field Officer in charge of Supplies and Transport on Salisbury Plain.

It was at Bulford Camp, his headquarters, that he received the news of his son's exploit in the Dardanelles.

## We are Seven.

News of one sort or another was bound to reach the officer in charge at Bulford Camp: he has too many stakes in the country to be always drawing blanks. Now he draws a winner, and deserves it. He has given all his five sons to the two Services, and his eldest daughter gave her support to the Navy when she gave her hand to Lieutenant-Commander L. S. Holbrook, Gunnery Officer of the "Devonshire"; Captain C. V. Holbrook, Army Service Corps, a Staff Captain at the War Office; and Second Lieutenant A. W. Holbrook, R.E.



THE FATHER AND TWO OF THE BROTHERS OF LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER NORMAN D. HOLBROOK: COLONEL A. R. HOLBROOK, CAPTAIN A. E. HOLBROOK, A.S.C., AND LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER L. S. HOLBROOK, M.V.O.

Colonel Holbrook, late of the Volunteers, is now Field Officer in Charge of Supplies and Transport on Salisbury Plain. Lieutenant-Commander Norman D. Holbrook has four brothers serving: Captain A. E. Holbrook, Army Service Corps, Aldershot; Lieutenant-Commander L. S. Holbrook, Gunnery Officer of the "Devonshire"; Captain C. V. Holbrook, Army Service Corps, a Staff Captain at the War Office; and Second Lieutenant A. W. Holbrook, R.E. His brother-in-law, Lieutenant-Commander R. L. Nicholson, is on Admiral Jellicoe's staff.—[Photograph by Russell.]

Jellicoe's Staff for wireless duties in the Admiral's flag-ship. The eldest of the Holbrook five served in South Africa, and is

working with the Army Service Corps; the youngest has just received his commission in the Royal Engineers.

## The Commander and the "Monmouth."

The Commander of "B 11" joined the Navy fourteen years ago, and was promoted to full-blown midshipman in January 1905, sub-lieutenant in March 1908, and lieutenant in

September 1909. For three years he served in the ill-fated "Monmouth," and later in the submarine dépôt ships *Mercury* and *Bonaventure*. Now observe the strangeness of

that sequence. Captain Frank Brandt commanded successively both the *Mercury* and *Bonaventure*. He was afterwards appointed to the *Monmouth*, and went down with her off the Chilean coast on Nov. 1. By all the ties of ship loyalty and mess-fellowship Commander Holbrook had it in his heart to revenge the loss not only of the *Monmouth*, but of an officer who had in three instances known the same berths as himself. But Admiral Sturdee was too quick; he exacted reparation before his "B 11" had a chance of calling quits. It was with all the fiercer determination that Commander Holbrook took the first chance—the almost incredibly off-chance—that was offered him to strike a blow.

## His Middle-Aged Flame.

All the chances seemed to be against him. Even his boat, according to the precious experts who see beauty only in the ship-yards, was past her work. As a matter of fact, she was only nine years old, but for a submarine to be nine is to be rather more than middle-aged, and the loss of one of her class, "B 4," some years ago did not add to her good fame. Lieutenant-Commander Holbrook, however, knows his business thoroughly. His certificates (for seamanship, navigation, pilotage, torpedo work, and gunnery) are more than any submarine locker could hold; and he has had a year's experience of this particular boat.

**A Feat of War.** He knows her in and out: the slippery gangway between two rails, the sides sloping into the water like a whale's, the little elevated tarpaulin playground no bigger than the dock in a narrow police-court—these make his home in leisure hours. The interior scene, during business ones, can hardly be described; nor can the stress of the officer's anxious vigil at the periscope—a flitting, dull picture obscured by spray and all such accidents of the sea's surface—be comprehended by the landsman. Enough that Lieutenant-Commander Holbrook enjoys it!



THE OFFICER WHO TOOK SUBMARINE "B 11" INTO THE DARDANELLES: LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER NORMAN DOUGLAS HOLBROOK.

Lieutenant-Commander Holbrook, a native of Portsmouth, is a son of Colonel A. R. Holbrook, D.L., J.P., newspaper proprietor and President of the Newspaper Society last year. He became a midshipman in January 1905. He qualified in submarine work at Portsmouth, and at the end of last December was appointed to the "Egmont," at Malta, for the command of "B 11."—[Photograph by Russell.]

## WIFE OF A GALLANT BARONET: A NEW PORTRAIT.



POPULAR IN SOCIETY: LADY CHOLMELEY.

Lady Cholmeley, of whom we give a new and charming portrait, was Miss Mabel Janetta Waldo-Sibthorp, daughter of Mr. Montagu Richard Waldo-Sibthorp, and was married in 1903 to Captain Sir Montagu Aubrey Rowley Cholmeley, fourth Baronet.

She has two children—Hugh John Francis Sibthorp, born in 1906; and Rosamond Mary Edith, born in 1904. Sir Montagu Cholmeley was formerly in the Grenadiers, and is Captain, Reserve of Officers.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



# CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

THE noise of big guns is the least of evils to a seasoned campaigner, but its inconvenience (to use no stronger word) is keenly felt by the novice. Almost within earshot of London Bridge a special corps of anti-aircraft volunteers is being put through its paces, and until the other day one of the keenest of its members was a youthful Peer. He was courageous, let us suppose, in everything except hearing, but when he took his turn to discharge a largish gun he could not bring himself to fire and so let loose the fiendish clap of thunder. He hesitated for a moment, and the sergeant started again at the beginning of the drill. A second time his Lordship hesitated, or seemed to hesitate, with the result that the sergeant jerked his elbow and the thing was done. The young man has since joined a corps which boasts nothing larger than a rifle.



WIFE OF A SOLDIER WHO HAS WON THE LEGION OF HONOUR:  
MRS. J. J. O'KEEFE.

Mrs. J. J. O'Keefe is the wife of Captain J. J. O'Keefe, who has been decorated with the Legion of Honour for gallantry. Captain O'Keefe is in the Royal Army Medical Corps. Mrs. O'Keefe is a daughter of Major G. Faunce.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

and coffee, Chamberlain answered that he would feed with him at any other time—would sup with him at two a.m. or lunch with him at five in the afternoon—but that he regarded the breakfast hour as sacred to—sleep!

*On the Book-Rack.* The book-rack at the club is one of the marvels of the war. Already a dozen or more histories of the events of the last few months have been issued—among them Mr. Roger Ingpen's "The Fighting Retreat to Paris," Mr. Edmund Dane's "Hacking Through Belgium," Mr. Powell's "Fighting in Flanders," and Mr. Charles Vivian's "With the R.A.M.C." One explanation of this promptitude among military authors is that many of them have been more or less bottled up as correspondents, and have turned to book-making instead.

"K. of K.'s" But the tide has turned in favour of the war-Press Gang. His existence is now recognised at the War Office, and "K. of K." has said the equivalent of "Come in," if not of "Glad to see you." A first batch of five experienced



WIFE OF A NEW "D.S.O.": MRS. CHARLES R. CONGREVE.

Mrs. Charles R. Congreve is the wife of Lieut. Charles R. Congreve, of the Durham Light Infantry, who has been awarded the Distinguished Service Order for saving the life of Captain Wallace, by bringing him, when wounded, into cover, under heavy fire.

Photograph by Swaine.



WIFE OF A SOLDIER MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES:  
MRS. W. E. IRONSIDE.

Mrs. Ironside is the wife of Major W. E. Ironside, of the General Headquarters Staff, who has been mentioned in despatches by Field-Marshal Sir John French.

Photograph by Swaine.

Pressmen is on the eve of departure, and will be followed by another detachment as soon as the War Office thinks decent. Lord Kitchener, for his part, does not admit a change of policy. It is explained that the French authorities have hitherto stood between the correspondents and the fighting, but that, now their scruples have been overcome, Whitehall will not stand in the way of responsible journalists. Lord Kitchener's scrutiny, nevertheless, is keen; the correspondents who get out will, in one sense, form a press-gang of his own.

*Poetry and the "Special."*

—never heard of it!" Had Mr. Ralph Hodgson ever heard of the Polignac Prize before he got it the other day? Probably not; and in any case a cheque

of a hundred pounds from France proffered in admiration for two or three little leaflets of lyrics is surprising enough at the

present juncture. For the moment Mr. Hodgson is more interested in his duties as a "Special" than in versifying. We congratulate him on the prize, but must remind him that only a member of the regular force can seriously compete for popular glory with the postman who gets on the line at the Academy.

*The Fighting Men.*

The continued activities of the National Sporting

ing Club meet with no resentment, and for good reasons.

The Club

encour-

ages a pastime that need keep nobody out of the Army, nor does it put a vast civilian crowd in good-humour with itself and with the arts of peace. Lord Lonsdale, a patriot through and through, saw no earthly objections to the contest for the Lonsdale Belt; and Count Hollender, a mainstay of the N.S.C., is combining his old love for the ring with a great zest for the R.N.V.R., in which he now holds a commission.

*Ladies and a Maligned Dean.* Give a Dean a bad name—! At first

glance it was taken for granted that the decision (since revoked) to exclude women from the Cathedral after 5 p.m. on Intercession Day was attributable to Dr. Inge. It seemed part and parcel of the character of the Very Gloomy the Dean of St. Paul's to shut his doors on the ladies; but it must be admitted that Dr. Inge is not always very thorough in playing the part the public assigns him. Let those believe it who will: he has little daughters of his own; is, as Deans go, quite young; and entertains no Paulian prejudice against womenkind.

When Herbert Spencer was told he had won the Nobel Prize, he said "Nobel Prize?"

—never heard of it!" Had Mr. Ralph Hodgson ever heard of the Polignac Prize before he got it the other day? Probably not; and in any case a cheque

of a hundred pounds from France proffered in admiration for two or three little leaflets of lyrics is surprising enough at the



WIFE OF A GALLANT OFFICER OF THE 15TH HUSSARS: THE HON. MRS. W. A. NUGENT.

The Hon. Mrs. Nugent is the wife of Captain the Hon. William Andrew Nugent, of the 15th Hussars, brother of the Earl of Westmeath. Mrs. Nugent is the daughter of Mr. John Jacob Stein, of 19, Kensington Court.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

## GERMAN BARBER-ISM.



TOMMY (*to his prize*) : That was a pretty close shave you 'ad.

THE GERMAN PRISONER (*formerly a barber in London*) : Yes, Sir ; a singe and 'air-cut too.

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.



THE Royal Yacht Squadron seems to have been a first-rate preparatory school for our naval Peers; they are able to step into their work in the R.N.V.R. with the minimum of instruction. Lord Hardwicke, who has just got his commission, is, however, something more than an R.Y.S. sailor; he would repudiate the notion that he had been reared exclusively on Cowes milk. It is several years since he made a mark in motor-craft, and his old ten-hour adventure with a tiny eggshell-like boat in a rough sea and half a gale of wind remains a record.

*Charlie, No. 126.* Lord Hardwicke will be given special work, and will do it well. For ten years he studied mining, and for two years worked as an ordinary labourer at the Montana Gold Mines in the United States. That was when he was known as Charlie to the night shift, and as No. 126 to the management. He has always believed in the grit of the aristocracy; now his belief is justified. He, more than most men, looks upon the House of Lords as the home of muscle, for his best friends there are the men who have chosen to use their hands or those whose play has been tougher than the average man's work. He boasts that a Duke's biceps are often as hard as a Billingsgate fish-porter's, and can give an instance. The compliment, though made in good faith, is somewhat inglorious; and his Grace shall be nameless.

*The Gift of Khaki.* Everybody looks well in khaki, and with very little trouble.

With a little more trouble, our privates have a knack of looking as if they should be officers, and our Lieutenants as if they were all the sons of ancient chieftains, born to lead. The little more trouble is not often given, but some corps may, without reproach, be noted as particularly smart. The Public School Corps of the R.F., for instance. Nobody who

has seen the men at work at Ashstead could accuse them of taking too much thought of their uniforms, but for all that they have a style of their own, and are already looked upon as safe

A NURSE OF WOUNDED — IN CHAMPAGNE — CELLARS : MME. MAZZUCHI, WIFE OF THE ITALIAN CONSUL AT RHEIMS. Mme. Mazzuchi has been in England, staying with the Earl and Countess Grey for a short rest after her strenuous time tending the wounded, including 700 Germans, who were brought, to be nursed, to the cellars of Mumm and Co., the famous champagne firm, of which Mme. Mazzuchi's husband is a member—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

and its sea-winds, but her wintering is generally accomplished at Bordighera. A Lambton, with the Lambton complexion, she can pass in Italy for an Italian in English clothing. In England, among romantic readers of romance, she has been recognised (rightly or wrongly) as the original of Ideala, the heroine of Sarah Grand's first novel. In her husband we see the best possible type of the privateer; in her brother, Sir Hedworth Meux, the professional sailor.

judges of the proper set of a belt or a cap. They did not invent the inside metal spring that cocks up the front of the crown of the khaki cap and saves it from a look of despondency, but they are credited with other sundry small reforms. In old days Savile Row was the haunt of some of them—that may explain their *expertise*.

*In Mount Street.* Lord Leven and Melville, who is laid up in Mount Street with a wounded leg, seems to have done useful work in Flanders. He went out with a reputation for speed and strength, and Balliol remembers him as a young man with a long string of horses and as a leader in several college "grinds"—that is, "grinds" in the least bookish sense of the word. The Bicester Hounds knew him well during his time at Oxford, and one of his main interests at the front was the use and care of horses. It follows inevitably that the sacrifice of valuable mounts on the field was one of his main griefs there.

*Trespassers on the Duke's Waters.* The bombardment of the coast came

very shortly after the appointment of the Duke of Leeds to the command of the Tyneside Division of the R.N.V.R. May his Grace have the same sort of luck as the second holder of the title! He, in his day, was a naval Volunteer who turned his experience as an amateur seaman to his country's purpose. His ship, the *Royal Transport*, overtook and captured a smack full of Jacobite Peers' and rebel depatches. Like his successor, he "understood all the parts of a sailor well," and his vessel was the fastest of its century.—The Duchess, as it happens, is particularly fond of Scarborough

and its sea-winds, but her wintering is generally accomplished at Bordighera. A Lambton, with the Lambton complexion, she can pass in Italy for an Italian in English clothing. In England, among romantic readers of romance, she has been recognised (rightly or wrongly) as the original of Ideala, the heroine of Sarah Grand's first novel. In her husband we see the best possible type of the privateer; in her brother, Sir Hedworth Meux, the professional sailor.



WIFE OF THE NEW ADMINISTRATOR OF ST. LUCIA: THE HON. MRS. CHARLES GIDEON MURRAY.

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Murray is wife of the Hon. Charles Gideon Murray (second son of Viscount Elibank) who has been Administrator and Colonial Secretary, St. Vincent, since 1909, and has been appointed Administrator and Colonial Secretary of St. Lucia. The Hon. Mrs. Murray was the widow of Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Aspinwall, 3rd Dragoon Guards, and is the daughter of Mr. Henry Robarts Madocks, of Glanywern, Denbigh.—Mrs. Douglas Lambert, whose wedding to Mr. Douglas Lambert, 6th Buffs, took place quietly on Dec. 16, was, before her marriage, Miss Joyce Didham, younger daughter of Mr. C. J. Didham, of



MARRIED TO MISS JOYCE DIDHAM LAST WEEK: MR. DOUGLAS LAMBERT.



MARRIED LAST WEEK: MRS. DOUGLAS LAMBERT (FORMERLY MISS JOYCE DIDHAM).



ENGAGED TO MR. CASSIN WRIGHT, OF BROMLEY AND HARPENDEN: MISS ADELAIDE RIND.

5, South Bolton Gardens, and grand-daughter of the late Captain C. J. Didham, R.N., and of the late Major-General H. T. Molesworth, R.A. Mr. Lambert is the son of Mr. E. J. Lambert, of 6, South Bolton Gardens, S.W. — Miss Adelaide Rind, whose engagement to Mr. Herbert Cassin Wright, of Ashcroft, Bromley, Kent, and Harpenden Common, Herts, has just been announced, is the younger daughter of the late Colonel Malcolm McNeill Rind, Royal Sussex and Corps of Commissionaires, and of Mrs. Rind, Nottingham Mansions, W.—[Photographs by Sarony, Swaine, and Russell.]

## TIP-TOPICAL GAMES FOR THE COMING CHRISTMAS.

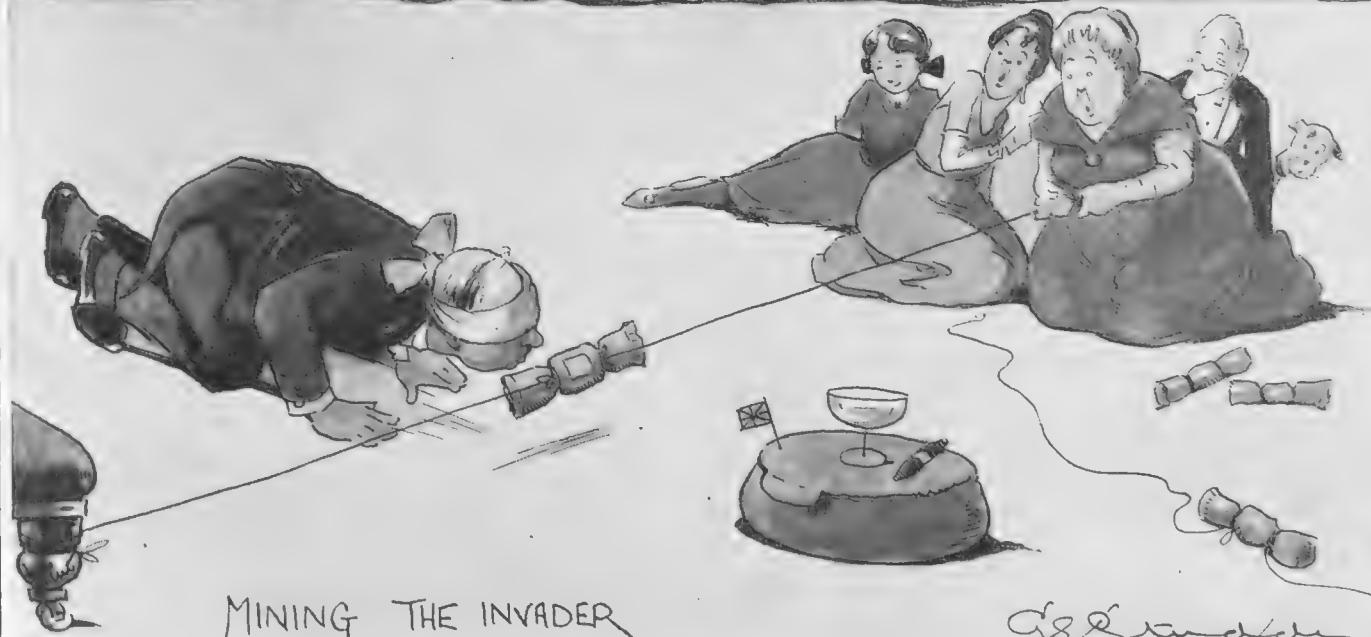
FIGHT BETWEEN  
ZEPPELIN AND  
AEROPLANES



SUBMARINE ATTACKING  
DREADNOUGHT



MINING THE INVADER



IF YOU DON'T WANT WELLS, STUDY STUDDY!

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



## OUTSIDE THE REGULATIONS.

By MAJOR F. A. SYMONS.

**A**T his orderly-room table, intently studying a blue paper to which were attached several sheets of yellow, sat Lieutenant John William Algernon Brackenridge. As Adjutant of his battalion, he had occasion to observe the intricacies of red tape in almost every conceivable entanglement possible to that tenacious substance. As a rule, the demands of his conscience were amply satisfied by merely affixing his signature to the documents prepared for him by his sergeant. The importance of this particular correspondence, however, was obviously absorbing unusual personal care and attention.

Wiping his monocle, he rubbed his chin reflectively, meditatively lit a cigarette, and broke into a broad smile. His round, good-tempered countenance seemed particularly adapted to laughter. It may be mentioned, incidentally, that, despite his euphonious string of Christian names, he had, from his earliest subaltern-hood, never been called in the regiment by any other name than "Billy."

"I really cannot take it lying down like this," he murmured. "This is the sixth time that the thing has come back, and there's luck in seven. The Major must be fairly rampant by now." He chuckled softly. "By Jove, I have it! I'll start fresh."

With an impulsive dive of his pen into the inkpot, he began to write rapidly; then inspected his work with a grin.

"Hullo, Billy," cried a voice in the doorway. "You seem particularly busy to-day. What about lunch?"

"A question of strategy, old fellow," gurgled Billy. "I am having the time of my life with old O'Brien. You know how excited he gets. I have been pulling his leg for all I am worth over a travelling claim. You see, I had to travel on duty the other day to visit our detachment at Bedworth, and I sent in the usual claim to the Paymaster for expenses. The distance by road from the railway to the camp was five miles. O'Brien wrote back stating that the distance, as the crow flies, was only four. I gave him the answer that, as I was not a crow but an adjutant, the remark did not apply. He then drew my attention to the regulation stating that I must attach a receipt from the cabby. I replied that the cabby was illiterate, and also alcoholically embarrassed."

"Good!" chuckled Captain Sawyer. "What did the silly old thing say to that?"

"H'm! His last memorandum is an ultimatum," laughed Billy. "He can't stand me any longer. He says my language is not in the spirit of official correspondence, and that if I am not satisfied the matter must go to the General."

"Ah! Checkmate for you, hey?"

"No—not quite, I think," answered Billy thoughtfully. "I am now about to apologise."

"What!" ejaculated Sawyer, dropping into a chair. "That doesn't sound like you, Billy. Why?"

"Listen to this," demanded Billy, grinning, and inspecting his recent efforts with his head on one side: "'The errors in attached travelling claim, as pointed out by you in Minute 14, are regretted. The claim is hereby cancelled, and a fresh claim forwarded herewith.'" He laughed delightedly. "Look, I have written 'cancelled' in red ink across the claim, and made out a beautiful new one, with rearranged items. But the demnition total is one shilling more than the original one. The descendant of the ancient Kings of Ireland will use shocking swear-words when he reads it."

"Ripping!" cried Sawyer. "But he will report you, for a certainty."

"Can't, old chap," gurgled Billy. "It is a private claim. I am entitled to a little correspondence over it." Addressing the

envelope, he threw it into the letter-basket, and, with a rattle of spurs, sprang to his feet. "Come along and have a look at my charger on our way to tiffin. I am riding him in the point-to-point next week, and he has a grazed hock."

Sauntering across the barrack square towards the stables, they suddenly, as they turned a corner, came face to face with Major O'Brien.

Billy, his face wreathed in an affable all-round smile, saluted politely.

The Major returned the salute, snorted audibly, and took no further notice.

Major Dennis O'Brien, of the Army Pay Department, was a tall, lanky individual with a Roman nose and a voluminous moustache, which, when he was perturbed, he twisted violently. He was a very good fellow at heart, which fact none knew better than Billy Brackenridge. That few officers can really forget their official differences in private life is a self-evident fact. That Major O'Brien by no means belonged to those few was equally obvious. Instead of leaving details to his clerks, he took his work so much to heart that for days on end he would hardly speak to those who contested his official objections to their pecuniary claims. The "Allowance Regulations" was his Bible, the intricacies thereof his never-flagging thought. That he was by nature also a peculiarly irascible man was a serious misfortune. To set traps for him in correspondence, purely for the pleasure of "getting a rise" out of him, had for some time, indeed, become a regular pastime with the regimental officers in the garrison. Had he failed to rise to the bait, his correspondence would have dwindled to half. The Major's one vocation outside his official duties was hunting. As a cross-country rider, he was second to nobody in the garrison. Mounted on a great raw-boned black mare, as gaunt as himself, with his silk hat rammed down over his ears, his moustache brushed fiercely upwards, and invariably turned out in pink, he was as jealous of his rights in the field as he was intolerant of opposition on paper.

Now inasmuch as, sooner or later, everything in this finite world must come to an end, the amended travelling claim of Lieutenant J. W. A. Brackenridge reached its finale in due course. The Paymaster, defeated by specious argument, based on regulations galore and the promptings of his weary clerks, stamped blasphemously on his office floor, and signed the necessary cheque. Had it not been for the fact that the point-to-point races were arranged for the very next day, and the Major was to be a guest at luncheon in the regimental tent, it is doubtful if he would have spoken to the Adjutant for a month.

Hacking his black mare towards barracks in the evening, the Major smoothed the beast's neck and inspected her sleek appearance with satisfaction. If form went for anything, his chances of coming in first on the morrow were exceedingly good. Presently, his eyebrows met and his moustache bristled like that of an angry cat. The debonair figure of Billy Brackenridge was swinging up the road towards him.

"Young puppy!" growled the Major to himself. "Wonder if he will have the cheek to take the field with that three-legged charger of his to-morrow? Shouldn't be surprised. Check enough, anyway."

"Good evening, Major," said Billy, raising his hat. "Your mare looks fit."

"Humph! Good evening."

"Bit heavy about the withers, don't you think?" inquired Billy with well-feigned innocence, screwing his monocle into his face. "I rather fancy a beast like my charger for cross-country work."

[Continued overleaf.]

## PASSED BY THE CENSOR: WAR PICTURES.

THE SMALL GIRL (*breathlessly*): Father, you've got to come home at once. Mother wants you!

DRAWN BY F. C. BOYLE.



"FULL DETAILS OF THE GREAT FIGHT": BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

DRAWN BY MACMICHAEL.

"Ah, you do, do you? Sorry you don't approve of my mount. Perhaps you would like to back your opinion?" Twisting his moustache with growing excitement, he glared at the bland face of the subaltern between the ears of his horse and grunted characteristically. "I'll bet you five to two you won't be over the last fence within three hundred yards of me."

"H'm!" murmured Billy. "Very sporting of you to give odds, Sir—very sporting offer indeed. I will take you, of course—five pounds to two—that I get home ahead of you."

"Done, Sir, done!" cried the Major, unintentionally spurring his horse. "You youngsters can—er—talk against the devil, but I still have to meet one of you who can ride. Five to two! Excellent! Hump!"

Billy continued on his way to the mess with a humorous curl on his lips. His amusement was not caused by the memory of his bet so much as by the manner of its making. The Major's mare was admittedly of a class several streets ahead of the Government charger ridden by himself, and the gallant Major was a rider of no mean calibre. Billy thought it more than likely that he would lose his two pounds; but, considering the fun of the wager quite worth the expense, he could afford to laugh. As Captain Sawyer had often pointed out to him, his want of respect for age was lamentable.

The great contest of the day—the point-to-point regimental race, covering a circular course of some five miles—was due to start in ten minutes. There had been some rain overnight, which, making the ground heavy, was somewhat against the Major's weighty person. Billy, cantering up to the post on his leggy chestnut, looked a perfect feather-weight by comparison with his antagonist. The news of the bet had not been kept a secret, and many were the comments bandied about as the horses lined up at the starting-point.

The Major, taciturn as usual, gave his hat a final push-down over the back of his head, shut his ears to all conversation, and waited for the flag to drop. Billy, restraining his animal with difficulty from making a false start, edged into a position next to the black mare.

At last they were off.

There were some couple of dozen competitors, and the course mapped out was a particularly stiff one. The first jump—a gorse-fringed bank with a drop of some five feet on the far side—was taken by the Major and Billy side by side. Across a ploughed field they raced neck and neck, Billy's horse galloping with all his strength, and the Major's mare well in hand.

The second jump—a brook—taken clumsily by the chestnut, left Billy a couple of lengths to the bad. The third obstacle—a stiff in-and-out—gave the Major a still greater lead.

A gallop across an upland field followed. The chestnut, manifestly labouring, was losing ground steadily.

The Major, his face stern-set and his eyes flashing defiance to the world in general, was nursing his mount's strength with discretion. It was, in fact, not difficult to see that Billy's underbred horse was—barring accidents—already practically beaten. With his eyes upon the black mare as they breasted the rising ground, Billy saw that the latter was worth two of such an animal as his light chestnut.

The chances and changes of a steeplechase, however, can be prophesied by no man. It was at the sixth jump that the trouble occurred. There was still half the course to be completed. The meadow ended in a stiff bank, with a brook on the far side. The Major was at the time riding fourth of the whole field. Number three, refusing badly, threw his rider clean over the bank. With a sudden swerve, as he recognised the danger he was in of jumping on top of the prostrate figure, the Major turned his mount to the left. The mare, thrown out of her stride, stumbled, turned a somersault, and the Major lay full-length on his back in the brook.

Billy, notwithstanding his horse's marked fatigue, took the jump somehow. The Major, at the moment scrambling from the water, was intent upon capturing his mare. Billy, filled with wicked joy, watched his adversary's efforts. Every moment of delay was of value. If the black mare was caught quickly, the Major would be in the saddle and away again with very little loss of distance. If, in fact, he caught the horse, Billy knew that his own chances were little better than they had been at first.

Suddenly a thought permeated the latter's brain with startling conviction. The wording of the bet rose up before him in all its subtlety. He had bet that he would reach home before the Major. Within the meaning of the wager, it mattered not at all concerning the horse upon which the feat was to be performed. Hence his inspiration!

Now this narrative has nothing whatever to do with the ethics of the affair. Whether Billy committed a heinous offence against the canons of sport, or not, matters not at all. The facts alone are what have to be recorded.

The inspiration had no sooner entered his head than the deed was begun. Galloping towards the black mare, which was standing looking about her, Billy slipped from his saddle, quickly picked up the mare's reins, and mounted her forthwith. The Major, his clenched right hand held aloft as he ran, was using language which, fortunately, none but the birds could hear.

The next moment Billy, chuckling deeply, was galloping his new mount at full tilt for the next fence.

The Major, almost blinded by ineffectual anger, climbed into Billy's discarded saddle, and, putting spurs to the chestnut, determined to pass his black mare if it cost him his life.

Sailing majestically over the next jump, Billy waved his hand gaily to the rider of the chestnut, and gave the mare her head.

The Major, fuming with rage, rushed the chestnut too hard. The animal scrambled over the jump, but, pecking badly on landing, fell on its knees with a sickening thud.

To these two competitors the race henceforth presented no points of interest. Billy, disqualified from winning the race, was now riding merely for the fun of the thing; the Major was *hors de combat*.

The Major, trudging across a ploughed field, led the chestnut out of sheer charity to the horse. The beast's knees were badly cut. Far, far ahead, the black mare could be seen taking her jumps like a bird.

The race had been over for half-an-hour before Billy again set eyes on his antagonist. The chestnut's groom relieved the Major of his charge, and Billy, ruefully inspecting the animal's knees, ordered him at once to be sent to the "vet." Of the Major's lurid comments he pretended to hear nothing. Leading the way into the luncheon-tent, he ordered a waiter to fill the guest's glass with champagne as quietly as if nothing at all had happened.

The Major at first was too angry to speak. Under the influence of bubbly wine, however, his tongue became loosened. The company listened with mixed feelings. That Billy's theft of his adversary's horse was an unwarrantable proceeding was undeniable. Even Billy himself made no attempt to defend it. From the point of view of a joke, however, the listeners were convulsed with mirth.

"You owe me five pounds, Major," declared Billy brazenly. "A bet is a bet."

"I owe you nothing," spluttered the Major. "You stole my horse and became disqualified. You ought to be—er—turned off the hunting-field."

"Pardon me, Major," replied Billy, refilling his champagne-glass, "I bet you that I would get home first. I didn't say on my own horse. Your horse was in much better condition than mine; and as—er—you didn't seem to have any use for her, I—er—exchanged. That's all."

"I'm afraid you'll have to pay, Major," remarked Sawyer. "I have never known our Billy lose a bet yet."

The Major's lips moved, but no words came. He had finished his lunch, and, rising in silence from the table, sought out the Colonel of the regiment. That Billy had no intention of really accepting the five pounds the latter kept for the moment discreetly to himself.

The joke against the Major would seem, to most people, to have gone far enough; but Billy Brackenridge did not think so. Youth is notoriously deficient in judgment.

It was some ten days later that Billy sat at his office table again contemplating a Paymaster's blue Army form. And at his elbow lay a bill from the "vet." There was no military veterinary officer in the station—hence the bill, rendered by a civilian for professional services *re* the adjutant's charger.

Attaching the bill as a voucher, Billy carefully made out a claim against Government for expenses of veterinary treatment for his official horse. He chuckled as he wrote, addressed the envelope with gusto, and threw it to his orderly.

The answer, which arrived in due course from Major O'Brien, left no loophole for argument. The regulation prohibiting cross-country racing of chargers, except at the officer's own risk, was perfectly plain and unanswerable. That Lieutenant Brackenridge had failed to make himself aware of the rule was difficult of belief.

Billy laughed, lit his habitual cigarette, and promptly squared his elbows for further epistolary efforts. The result, written on private note-paper, took the form of a personal communication—

"DEAR MAJOR.—The Paymaster has refused my claim for veterinary attendance on my charger, which was injured when you rode him at the races. Under the circumstances, I presume I may say that you will personally settle the bill? Three guineas for the 'vet.' and five for settlement of our wager, please—eight pounds three shillings in all. What a nice action your mare has!—Yours sincerely,

"J. W. A. BRACKENRIDGE."

To describe in mere words what the Major remarked to the walls of his office would be an impossible task. It would seem that his breaking point had been reached at last.

Half-an-hour after the receipt of the epistle Major O'Brien was closeted with Billy's Colonel. The latter was a tactful and discerning man. Billy was summoned. The detailed narrative of recent events, told in camera, tried the Chief's powers of facial repression so severely that he spent most of the time in blowing his nose.

Billy, without the slightest demur, tendered his apologies, laughed at the idea of accepting the five-pounds bet, and received the Colonel's remarks *re* "leg-pulling" of senior officers with befitting humility. He never grumbled at having to pay for his fun.

"But," remarked Captain Sawyer later, "all the apologies in the world cannot wipe out recorded facts."

THE END.

## THE COMMANDER-IN-CHEF'S PUZZLE!



THE GERMAN COOK (*exhibiting the Turkey*): What shall I do with this, your Imperial Highness? Your never-to-be-forgotten father ordered me to prepare it for Christmas, but it seems to have met a steam-roller or something!

DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAVE.



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Christmas Out  
There.

Will these Christian nations continue slaughtering each other at Christmas time, or will there be, as everyone hopes, a cessation of horrors and a general eating of plum-pudding and a lighting of Christmas-trees? The lighting of the tree, on *Weihnachtsabend*, is almost a religious rite in Germany, and, indeed, the pretty custom was first introduced into England by the husband of Queen Victoria. We now look upon it as an English institution, but wax-tapers at Yuletide are not so dear to the heart of British Tommy as to German Michael. Our men prefer mince-pies and plum-pudding to the unsubstantial delights of a fir-tree gleaming with tiny flames. Everything in the way of good cheer—tobacco, presents, and woollies—will reach our men in plenty of time to give them a "merry Christmas"—so far as the exigencies of a winter campaign permit. But the Teuton is far from his own country, and possibly some dwarf fir-tree, illuminated with candle-ends, will be all he has to remind him of the great national festival in Germany. He will light these trees at the front, even in the trenches, if he can procure a green bough and a dripping of wax. There is a curious strain of sentimentality in the Germans which even their modern cult of brutality and "Might is Right" cannot quite obliterate.

Christmas at  
Home.

Not since the African War has such a Christmas been known at home, and that conflict pales into insignificance by the side of the present portentous happenings. For these holidays will find all those Britons who are not at the seat of war in one capacity or another sitting by their own firesides, as they used to do in Victorian and even early Edwardian times, instead of hastening to Cairo or Monte Carlo, to St. Moritz or Norway, to pass the time away. This year the children will clamour in vain to spend holidays at Wengen or Montana, and the elders will have to content themselves with London theatres or bridge-tables instead of the "rooms" at Monte Carlo. Nor will this change be a bad thing on the whole. The restless spirit, the desire to spend money, had seized on all classes in England to an amazing extent. Now English hotels (and English waiters) will get some of the stream of gold which was poured out in mid-winter abroad from purses which seemed bottomless. The shops and theatres, dressmakers and milliners, will all benefit. Our spending class is at home, and though the giving of presents to "grown-ups" is this year in abeyance—except to those at the front—no one will forget the children, and for the little people trees will be lighted, tables spread, and parties made up for the pantomime. We had got, it now

A Democratic  
England.

One certain result of the war will be a more democratic England. Constitutionally, we have been subject to the will of the masses since 1832, but the class spirit has survived to an amazing degree, and this war is going to end it. An army in which everyone has volunteered, from colliers and shopmen to members of the Bachelors' and the Wellington, in which all these heterogeneous elements are fighting side by side and sharing good and evil alike—this army is not coming home again with quite the same ideas as when it started. The poor will assuredly lose some of their absurd prejudices about the rich; the rich will be more understanding about the difficulties and temptations of the populace. You cannot lie shoulder to shoulder with another man in a wet trench for days and nights on end, facing hourly death, without finding out his good "points." The classes and masses, England and India, the home country and the Dominions, are being brought together in the hour of trial as they have never been before. There is now but one Empire, and we should be able to forget our class distinctions as well as the divisions of colour and race. It is the same with Englishwomen. They have given of their best, and have shown a care and sympathy for the women of the lower classes which would not have been possible a few years ago, when charity and district-visiting were the only form of social service which we practised. It is not too much to say that in 1915 we shall find ourselves in a different world.

A Slice of Life  
in Brussels.

If all young girls in Brussels are as gay and tender as the daughter in "Le Mariage de Mlle. Beulemans," now being so admirably played at the Criterion Theatre, we must expect some of our soldiers, when they return gloriously to England, to bring back Belgian brides. This little Belgian *bourgeoise*, indeed, is not for a moment like the stolid, disagreeable Bruxelloise painted by Charlotte Brontë in "Villette." Most of us, I fancy, get our chief idea of Belgians from that immortal work, and yet it would seem it does them less than justice. We first see our heroine at work at the ledgers in her father's wine-shop, her hair a little tumbled, and an over-all covering her simple frock. A marriage is "arranged" for her, in the Continental fashion, and though she is secretly in love with the handsome clerk from Paris, like a well-brought-up Bruxelloise she acquiesces until she learns by chance that the proposed husband has other ties. One did not know that the ordinary young Belgian clerk was a highly sentimental person, but so, in this witty and amusing play, he appears to be; and Mlle. Beulemans contrives so to work upon his feelings that he renounces her hand (and fortune) in order to make a *mésalliance* and to right a wrong. Mlle. Dieudonné's art is so exquisite and her technique so finished in this performance as to be a joy to witness. I have always heard that the theatre in Brussels was quite comparable to that of Paris, and we can all go now and make our own comparisons.



A STRIKING COSTUME.

The above is a striking costume of dull-blue wool ducetyn, stitched and embroidered with scarlet silk and heavily trimmed with skunk.

seems, rather too cosmopolitan of late years; we couldn't sit down in our own country and enjoy the winter holidays without hankering after Swiss peaks or palm-trees by a blue sea. Who knows if the war may make a great change in our national habits, and to stay at home will be *le grand chic*?



THE MODERN EVENING SILHOUETTE.

This is an original frock of Chartreuse-green taffeta over a narrow under-dress of bright-blue chiffon, trimmed with skunk.

# BUCHANAN'S

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"Pickwick Papers."

**A Seasonable Christmas Gift!**—James Buchanan & Co., Ltd., beg to draw attention to the undermentioned high-class Whiskies, which they are now packing in neat and attractive cases, specially suitable for Christmas Presents. These cases are obtainable in the ordinary way through Wine and Spirit Merchants.

	3-bottle c/s.	6-bottle c/s.	12-bottle c/s.
"RED SEAL" .. ..	12s. 0d.	24s. 0d.	48s. 0d.
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# THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

## A Versatile Duchess.

Millicent Duchess of Sutherland is a doer of many good works, and a mistress at all. She came back from Dunkirk to attend the annual Christmas sale at the New Bond Street depot of her Potteries Cripples Guild. She looked yet another of her successful parts—a graceful and beautiful leader of Society; then she spoke, and proved herself the true orator who speaks simply and from the heart. Pleading that the heroic men at the front who come home disabled in any way should be given permanent employment, she suggested handicrafts and enlarging such schemes as the P.C.G. Very charmingly did her dress of black stamped velvet, the coat edged with black fur, suit her; also the black hat, with its cluster of silver and white grapes at one side. Everyone wanted to talk to her and shake her by the hand. For, apart from being a woman whom women love because she is so beautiful—for all we are said to be so jealous—she has been doing excellent work with her trained nurses and ambulance.

## The Dye Hards and Fasts.

"It's a fine hunting day, and as balmy as May, and we'll all go a-hunting to-day" might be the motto of a wall pocket calendar presented this year by Messrs. Campbell, of the Perth Dye Works, the hardest and fastest dyers in the world. They have also issued their beautifully convenient little watch-calendars, printed on thin paper and suitable for inserting inside the watch-case. These can be had from any branch or agency, and as there are more than 5000 in Great Britain, there should be no difficulty; but, of course, an application to P. and P. Campbell, The Perth Dye Works, Perth, is sure to be successful.

**Are We Down-Hearted? No!** Of course we are not, and there never has been a time when it has been so much the duty, as well as the pleasure, of women to make the best of themselves. It is, happily, also an easy thing to do, because we have Mrs. Hemming, a very genius in beauty-culture, and her splendid Cyclax remedies to help us. If you do feel inclined, on a dark day, to depressing thoughts, banish them and use Braceine and Blended Lotion, and give yourself a little treatment after the method lucidly set forth in Mrs. Hemming's book on hygiene, figure, and skin—which you should get: it will be sent free on application to the Cyclax Company, 58, South Molton Street, W.—and go down refreshed, rejuvenated, and bringing a ray of brightness to your friends and relatives. The daily use of Blended Lotion is nutritive and protective and restorative; it costs 4s. 6d. or 8s. 6d. a bottle. It is also a necessity to use the Cyclax Throat Bandage, which enables the proper feeding of the skin without soiling linen or wasting the food. In these days of throat-exposure it is particularly useful. To anyone inclined to a double chin the Cyclax Chin-Strap is invaluable. It costs only 6s. 6d., and prevents a thing that is particularly ageing and disfiguring.

**Play and Philanthropy.** To play a game of cards with beautiful packs bearing on their backs the Prince of

Millicent Duchess of Sutherland is a doer of many good works, and a mistress at all. She came back from Dunkirk to

Wales's plume on a tinted background surrounded by a Garter and patriotic design in gold, blue, and red, and to know that half of the shilling paid for each pack goes, threepence to the Prince of Wales's National Relief Fund, and threepence to the British Government, is to please two birds with one pack. They are beautiful cards with a cambric surface, and the manufacturer and retailer are giving their profit to the Fund, so let us all be sure to play with the Prince of Wales's National Relief Fund Playing Cards, which can be had with pink or with light-blue backgrounds.

## The Cup We Love When We Get It Good.

How we always recall with pleasure the *brioches* and the *café-au-lait* of France, and how often we vainly seek to replace it here! Now, when we and France are on brotherly terms, and things French seem doubly good, a real milk-made *café-au-lait*, delicious as the best we have had in France, is introduced to our notice as the Milkmaid brand of Café-au-Lait. A small quantity mixed with hot water in a breakfast-cup and filled up with boiling water secures the same result as the brew from the Parisian twin pots, which never work harmoniously out of France. This Milkmaid Café-au-Lait is sold by most grocers and stores in 5½d. and 10d. tins. My readers can obtain a large free sample by forwarding the name and address of their grocer to the Milkmaid Brand Dépot, 6-8, Eastcheap, E.C., together with twopence for postage.

## A Plague o' Both Your Complaints.

Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, representing an organisation of 6000 trained nurses, has lodged a complaint against the Government for allowing wounded soldiers to be nursed by unqualified women. The Red Cross and the St. John Ambulance Association send only qualified nurses. Certain rich and influential ladies have got together the money to run ambulances, and pay trained nurses, and are doing excellent work under either the French or Belgian Red Cross. Our Government could not prevent them if it would. Lord Knutsford writes a letter to the poor over-lettered *Times*, attempting to refute this idea, and in it takes occasion to refer to members of Voluntary Aid Detachments, who, he says, would do better if they were not photographed so often. I have seen only one photograph of them taken since war began—many have been published, to the surprise of the members, done at inspections when war was unthought of. He says they might wear their uniforms more quietly—never have I known a set of girls respect their uniform more than the V.A.D.s. They are modest, even shy, in wearing it, and do their work earnestly and quietly. Lord Knutsford says they must not think the world centres round them. Emphatically they do not; they are humble in their desire to be just useful. They should not talk so openly of their patients, he says. They have neither the power nor the will to talk grim "shop" like the average professional nurse, and Lord Knutsford should not cast condescending stones at women who are honestly trying to do good work. His own hospital is a particularly useful and fine one, but, I believe, gives its nurses a shorter training than others.



WIFE OF A REPRESENTATIVE PEER:  
THE COUNTESS OF LUCAN.

Before her marriage, which took place in 1896, the Countess was known as Violet, daughter of the late J. Spender Clay, of Ford Manor, Lingfield. Lord Lucan, who is the fifth Earl of an Irish creation dating from 1795, and holds a Scottish Baronetcy dating from 1634, is a Representative Peer. He succeeded this year. He saw service with the Bechuanaland Expedition of 1884-85; is Brigadier-General Commanding the 1st London Infantry Brigade; and has been M.P. for the Chertsey Division of Surrey.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]



A KHAKI AND MOTOR-CYCLE WEDDING: MR. AND MRS. F. HARDIE LEAVING THE CHURCH.

The wedding of Miss Elsie Moss and Mr. F. Hardie, of the 1st Company, Sportsman's Battalion, took place the other day at Greenwich. The bride, who wore a costume of khaki shade, went to the church on a motor-cycle, accompanied by another lady-rider. The bridegroom, in khaki, went to the church in the side-car of a cycle ridden by his best man. Mr. and Mrs. Hardie went off on this same cycle and side-car for a short honeymoon. All the guests were motor-cyclists. The bridegroom is training on the Essex Coast.—[Photograph by C.N.]

# The most enduring Marching Boot

that Skill can make  
or Money Buy.

35/-

**A**S might have been expected, the famous Firm of Manufacturers who have always satisfied the high requirements of the London Shoe Company in regard to Men's Footwear, have been called upon by the War Office to render a like

service to the Army in the field, and these peerless Marching Boots are the *Edition de luxe* of their splendid output.

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"I think the Throat Lotion is decidedly improving my neck."

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and Throat Lotion permanently Restores Drooping Muscles, thus removing all traces of **FATIGUE** and **DEPRESSION** from the face.

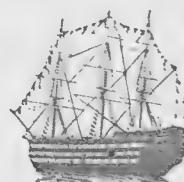
This is made possible by the introduction of Mrs. Hemming's "Cyclax" Throat Lotion and Chin-Strap, which, used together, stimulate and brace up the subcutaneous tissues and muscles, thus rapidly reducing the double chin and restoring firmness to loose and sagging skin and muscles.

Ladies who are unable to visit London may correspond with Mrs. Hemming direct on reducing double chin, or any other matter connected with Beauty Cultivation without obligation. Full particulars of the "Cyclax" Chin-Strap (6/6) and "Cyclax" Throat Lotion (7/6) will be sent on application.

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The Children's Shop  
106 NEW BOND ST  
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(AND AT GOSPORT)



*THE RED-LAMP REFORM : PETROL SHORTAGE : A MISLEADING HEAD-LINE.*

**At Last !**

A reform of which I, for one, have never tired of emphasising the desirability has at last come to pass. All vehicles henceforth, so the Home Secretary's new order for the Metropolis runs, must carry a lamp which shows a red light in the rear. Whether this injunction will be extended to the country, and whether it will be operative after the special circumstances which now govern the lighting of London have disappeared, are matters for the future to decide, but meanwhile there can be no two opinions among those who use the streets as to the imperative necessity for the new proviso. It is simply impossible for ordinary side-lamps to pick out of the darkness any unlighted vehicle in front. Cyclists in particular must note that they also have to conform to the Home Office order, and that the employment of what are known as reflex lights will not be considered adequate. No doubt they will think this a hardship, and certainly they will find some initial difficulty in complying with the order, inasmuch as red rear-lamps for ordinary cycles are not on the market. However, there are those which are sold for motor-cycles with side-cars, and these will have to suffice.

**The Huns and a Petrol Famine.**

Matters now appear worse than ever for the Germans, so far as the supply of petrol is concerned. They have used motor-cars, and also aeroplanes, to so prodigal an extent at the front that any failure in this respect would obviously be vital, and naturally it was good

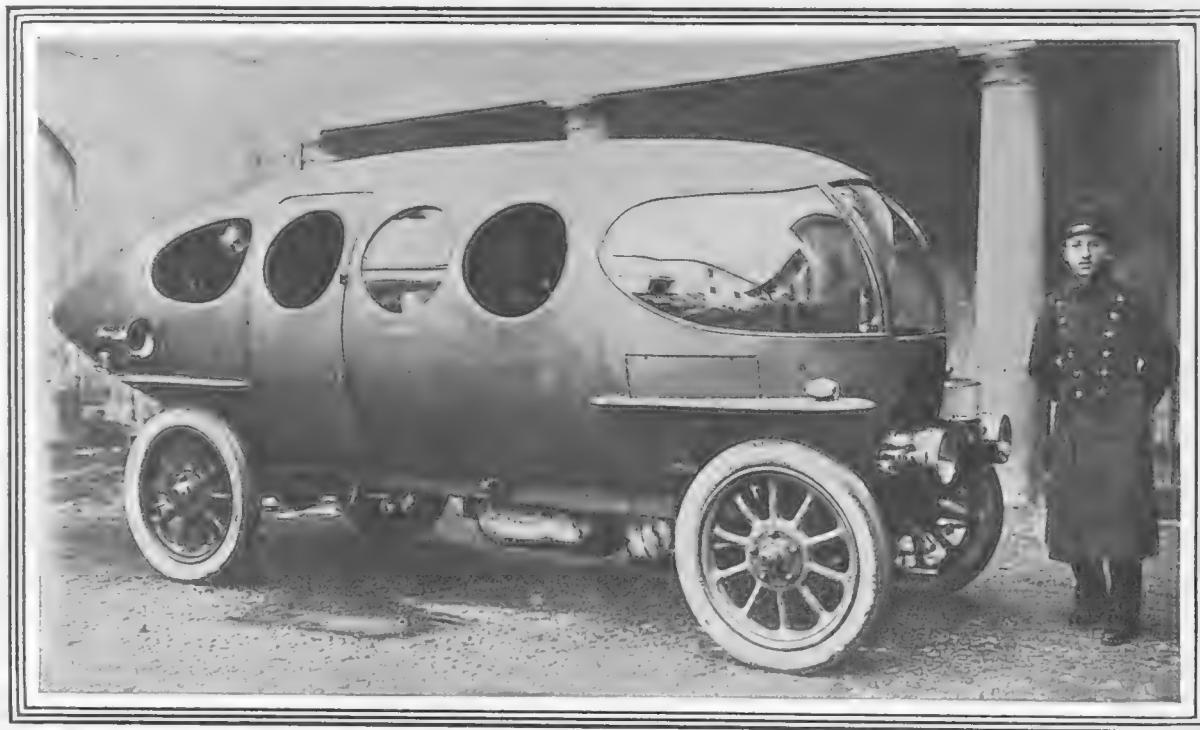
news for the Allies when it was reported several weeks ago that a shortage had already begun to be felt, and that both cars and aeroplanes were lying idle on the field of battle owing to the lack of fuel. Then came the intimation that, after all, Germany was still well supplied, as, although the Russian forces had conquered Galicia, supplies were still available from Roumania, and tank-steamers were leaving America and Denmark, and spirit was to be passed on from there over the German border. The position, however, no longer appears rosy for the enemy; Roumania has prohibited further exports of motor-spirit, and it may be doubted whether any more is being smuggled through from the United States. The *Petroleum Review*, at all events, which should know what it is talking about in this connection, states definitely that Germany is faced with an oil famine. Her own ally, Austria, "has lost her petrolierous districts, and one need not be a prophet to foretell that, if the war lasts some time, the German Zeppelins, armoured aeroplanes, armoured motor-cars, big motors, and all other newly invented instruments of death and destruction will uselessly remain in their sheds and garages, or, still worse, rot away on the fields of the war territories. A petroleum and benzene famine in Germany is one of the powerful allies of the

Allies, and this ally will soon pronounce its decisive argument." No doubt, the first step will be to suppress all private motor-car locomotion throughout Germany, and commandeer whatever spirit may be in the country in order that it may be used for army purposes; but this expedient cannot last for ever, and in this, as in many another matter, it may confidently be said that time is on the side of the Allies.

**Not Quite !**

Very far from happy was the heading of "London Without Cars," with which the *Times* prefixed the other day a description of the utter collapse of the London County Council's tramway system. Motorists can by no means acquiesce in the use of the word "cars" in a monopolist sense when trams are implied. In these hustling days people may not invariably have time to use full and correct phrases in every case, but the colloquial abbreviation for trams is undoubtedly "trams." As for the circumstances which led up to the employment of this obnoxious headline, one wonders how long the London County Council will continue its policy of bolstering up an unsatisfactory system of locomotion. That it "put its money on the wrong horse" has for years past been only too patent. It did its utmost to throw dust in the eyes of the public by deriding the motor-bus.

"Not a single one," said Mr. Councillor Fell, "would be on the



**RAKISH-LOOKING, AND VERY FAST: A CAR DESIGNED BY AN ITALIAN COUNT, AND SHAPED ACCORDING TO AERODYNAMIC LAWS, FOR GREATER SPEED.**

This car was designed by Count Marco Ricotti, of Milan. Its peculiar body was built, in accordance with the laws of aerodynamics, to increase its speed, and the car is said to be faster with the body than without it. During its trials it covered seventy-eight miles an hour. It has a four-cylinder 50-h.p. engine.—[Photograph by C.N.]

London streets in ten years' time." The decade, by the way, has now nearly elapsed. When the motor-bus grew almost daily more efficient and more popular, the London County Council tried by every possible means to hamper its use, and even went so far as to promote a Bill in Parliament by which municipal bodies would have the right of determining the routes on which motor-buses should run. If this Bill had become law, the London County Council, as an interested party, would have been able to remove its rivals, the motor-buses, from the field. It would have been a bad day for London if the County Council had succeeded in its endeavours to suppress the motor-bus, but it would have been an even worse day for our Army at the front, where the London motor-bus has literally worked wonders and established itself as one of the soldier's best friends. Nothing has come amiss to it; it has transported troops into action, carried ammunition and food-supplies galore, helped nobly in the rescue of the Belgian Army from Antwerp, and, lastly, has conveyed wounded soldiers to hospitals at the base. Contrast this mobility and adaptability with the rigid transit of the tramcar and the frequency with which the entire tramway system has broken down during the past year, and then realise the position we should be in if Mr. Fell's prediction had come true.

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"BECTIVES" are today the most advantageous make to buy. Made from leather of special pliability and strength. Their shapes or models provide extra comfort, at the same time affording a distinctiveness of style that is seldom equalled.

The War has sent up the cost of materials used in producing "Bectives." The cost will rise higher, but the price of "Bective" will not be advanced before 1915.



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At all chemists 4/3 a tin.



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NERVE is every whit as necessary to success as intellect, for fortune still favours the bold. How often, in the practical affairs of life, do we not see nerve plunge in and achieve success, while intellect hums and has and stands shivering on the brink?

Civilisation, says an authority, wants less nerves and more Nerve.

To force a child to endure the darkness it fears, develops nerves. To shield such a child from the darkness until a riper experience teaches it how little there really is to fear, cultivates nerve.

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MOORGATE STREET, LONDON.

## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

**"What a Woman Wants."** The fragrance of a Sussex farm breathes through Mrs. Dudeney's story, and the air of Sussex downs patterned with sheep. Chrismas had a lavender hedge growing close to the house, "the tightly packed, dark purple spikes ready for blossoming. Innumerable ivory butterflies fluttered through and through." Blue carts filled with golden straw by the sheds, and beyond the garden boundary the muck-yard and the hills and the church. Across this pleasant country of raftered ceilings and thatched roofs the women toil and bear children. "They were all of them working in their kitchens all over the land. Every woman worked until she dropped. And then she died." What were they all wanting? Chrismas, whom we see in the earliest page putting a hat over her yellow hair—Chrismas at defiant, questioning, singing sixteen; and again, Chrismas in the thirties, some teeth gone, a little starved, and very tired; Chrismas nearing the forties, in London, with her banknotes sewn into her petticoat; and still Chrismas welcoming back her mean, jovial sailor to the old Pittance farm—proclaims the answer. For many hungry years she argued to herself that women did not want things that money could not buy, but without conviction; the

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY.

(Heinemann.)

women working in their kitchens all over the land, seeing her peace, her opportunities of indulgence, her freedom from tyranny, pried about her clean kitchen at times, talked of the bother of men, the burden of children, but remained sardonic and superior. If a woman don't do that, what is there to do? they asked. Then he came shiftlessly back—the sailor who had made careless love to her one hour that memorable year of sixteen. "Narrow grey eyes, with a cheap joke always twinkling somewhere at the back. They had not altered. Nor

had his fine throat, nor his composed, sweet mouth. He was a contradiction, just as he had been when she saw him before. He was narrow and noble, he was shifty and spacious, he was eloquent of much turbulence in heredity. Many rivers had sprung at his source. We are all made up of a multitude, but in Jabez Vinson the crowd of ancestors contended. Their influence jostled across his face." Who can do these things like Mrs. Dudeney? He was thicker, he had gone grey, he had lost a foot, he was hampered with an unattractive child; yet he remained the man who had kissed her first out there near the harbour. "It's you I wants," she sobbed. "I wants you. There's nothing else for women!"

**"The Demi-God."** Mr. Stephens has made another of his own prose poems out of the roads and weather and peasantry of Irish country. It carries the significance of a parable between the lines for those who pause to read; but those who run cannot miss the humour and beauty and delight of the bare narrative. To a tramp and his comely daughter there descend out of the blue night three wide-winged angels. Around the little bucket of fire they appeared nobly to MacCann and Mary. "The remarkable thing about astonishment is that it can only last for an instant. No person can be surprised for more than that time. You will come to terms with a ghost within two minutes of its appearance, and it had scarcely

taken that time for MacCann and his daughter to become one with the visitors." True, in the morning MacCann had a plan to bolt while their guests slept, for "Mind now," he said fiercely, "we don't know who them fellows are at all; and what would the priest say if he heard we were stravaiging the country with three big, buck angels, and they full of tricks maybe?" But Mary would have it otherwise, and they persuaded the angels presently to bury the wings: "People would think you belonged to a circus," said Patsy MacCann, "and the crowds of the world would be after you in every place." And when between his dilapidation and theirs there was little to choose they went out together through the morning sunlight. The many of us who know and delight in Mr. Stephens' work will guess the society to which they were introduced: the wandering ballad-singer, "the little band travelling the world carrying saplings and rushes from the streams which they wove into tables and chairs warranted not to last too long, the folk who sold rootless ferns to people from whose window-ledges they had previously stolen the pots to plant them in"—with others of their like, and among the adorable company none more so than a certain donkey. With Mary, who constituted herself in some strange way the mother of the four men (her father and the three angels), there was the lyrical note. "She was big in build and bone, and she was beautiful and fearless." One of the most beautiful of portraits

Mr. Stephens makes from her on page 63. And he reads some profound reflections into her soul, the feminine soul whose steady influence, he thinks, is an irreconcilable ambition: the desire of every woman to be the wife of a fool, her ambition to be the mother of a genius. Mary's achievement of herself is the beautiful climax of the strange interlude.



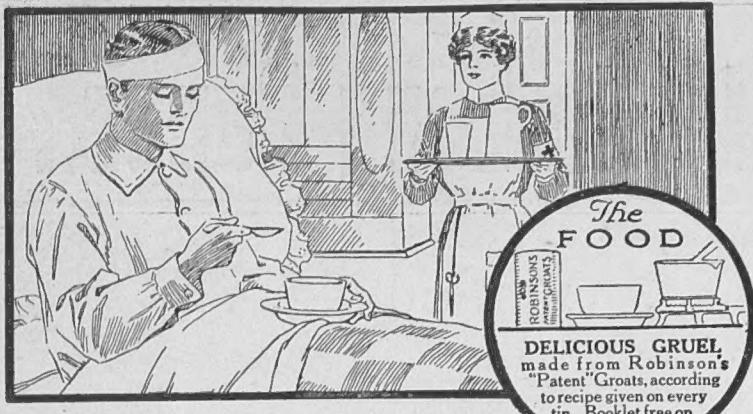
THE PROFESSIONAL TOUCH.

THE SEXTON'S WIFE: It do seem pitiful, me lady, to 'ear of young Mr. Edward interned over there in 'Olland, with very likely not so much as a 'eadstone to mark the spot where he lays.—[DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.]

special prices. The selection of jewellery, silverware, and leather so treated is set apart in a special show-room, and visitors should ask to see this department, as the heavy reductions offer bargains that must be seen to be appreciated. Those unable to call can obtain particulars upon application.

A letter from the Front says: "The chief bomb we drop on the Germans is called a 'Johnnie Walker,' which gives a devil of a bang and is 'still going strong.' One of the Flying Corps has popped 157 into — this month. It's funny about the bomb being called 'Johnnie Walker.' They blew up half a train yesterday."

Those requiring military and mufti clothes are recommended to Messrs. Harry Hall, of 207, Oxford Street, W., and 149, Cheapside, E.C., who have been established over twenty-five years and awarded twelve gold medals for the excellence of their productions. All field-service orders executed by this firm are specially tailored to withstand the hard wear-and-tear of campaigning. A particular feature is the British Warm Coat, which allows ample arm and leg freedom, and, being camel-fleece lined and waterproofed, affords perfect protection from cold and rain, and costs only 63s. Messrs. Harry Hall also make suits and overcoats in great variety from 63s., dress-suits from 84s., double-breasted motor or travelling ulsters from 84s.



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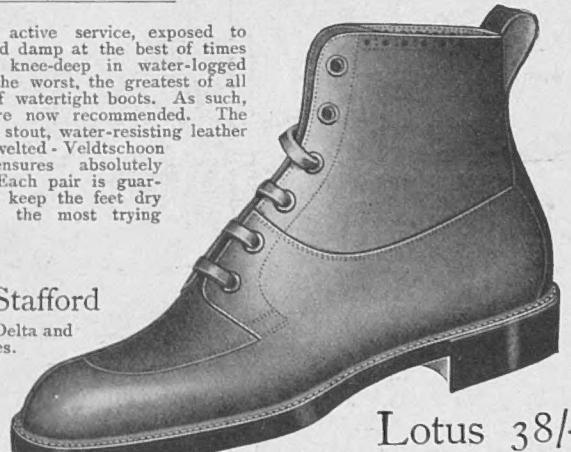


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December 23, 1914

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